Newport Mercury.

HOPE

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Patrick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, NO. 6078, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs Adam Hempsted. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MOLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Ladies' Night.

Weenat Shassitt Tribe, No. 6, I. O. of R. M., held a ladies' night in Odd Fellows' hall Wednesday evening, when fully 300 people were gathered there to enjoy a very pleasant and social evening. Whist was played for several hours, about 60 tables being in use in the dance hall and some 15 were in the lodge room above. American flags and bunting were used as the chief decorations.

Mr. Robert Foster was chairman of the entertainment committee and upon him fell much responsibility, but he proved the right man in the right place. He was assisted by Messrs. Frank S. Hale, Clifton L. Tallman, Harold D. Braman and Edward Ball. The reception committee proved a very hospitable one, consisting of Messrs. Joseph Brown, W. F. Barker, Herbert Barker, F. Eckhardt and Harry W. Tennant.

Refreshments and dancing followed, the Harry K. Howard orchestra furnishing the music.

For some time past the police have been keeping a vigilant search to locate the guilty person or persons breaking into different stores about the city and the past week three lads were arrested, two of whom, Michael Shea and Harlow Bell, have been sent to the reform school during their minority. The third one, Daniel J. Mahoney, who was charged with receiving stolen goods, pleaded not guilty and his case was bound over. Shea escaped from Captain Griffith while being taken to Cranston.

Governor Pothier and leading citizens of Woonsocket are laying plans to make of that city a bigger and busier municipality. Here's hoping for success.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury sailed on the Moltke Tuesday for an extended trip through the West Indies.

Mrs. John Blair has been confined to her home on Marlborough street by a severe attack of the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow have been entertaining Mrs. Frederick Fogg of Attleboro, Mass.

Dr. Charles D. Easton is on his way east from California and is expected to arrive home shortly.

Mr. William P. Hayman is able to be out after his illness.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was somewhat longer than usual, there being several matters of more or less interest to come before the board.

The matter of straightening Old Beach Road, which has created much interest in the city of late, was taken up but no action was taken. Statements have been made that some of the signatures on the petition asking for the straightening were not genuine, and at Thursday's meeting a telegram was read from Mr. Stuyvesant LeRoy stating that J. R. Lorab, H. F. Rooney, and Dr. Ramsay deny that they signed the petition and suggesting an investigation. The telegram was received but no action was taken.

The regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved and ordered paid. A number of minor licenses were granted. An invitation was received and accepted to attend the inspection of the new Mumford School on Monday evening next.

J. B. Parsonage & Son submitted a communication stating that the bonding company that they represent declined to issue bonds for the city treasurer and tax collector, and suggesting that the contract be placed with the Bankers Security Company of Cleveland, to whom it had first been awarded. The board voted to award the contract to that firm.

Bids were opened from three local firms for printing and binding the city manuals, and the contract was awarded to the lowest bidder. Chief of Police James R. Crowley presented a communication withdrawing his request for a restoration of the former salary of that office. An invitation was received and accepted to attend the celebration of the birthday of Robert Emmett.

Complaint has been made by captains of two tug boats that are frequently in Newport harbor that there is an obstruction in the inner harbor between Long wharf and Commercial wharf. The character of the obstruction is not known but propellers have been badly damaged by striking something beneath the surface of the water. About fifteen feet of water is required by the tugs, and there should be more than that depth all through the harbor.

Mr. Frank D. Maltby has returned to his home at Battle Creek, Mich., after visiting friends in this city. He was formerly employed as foreman for the Newport Engineering Works in this city, but left for the West some months ago.

Captain Albert Gleaves, U. S. N., has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Derby the past week. He was formerly in charge of the Torpedo Station but is now assistant to Assistant Secretary Winthrop at Washington.

Miss Edith B. Lawton of Providence spent a few days in Newport, guest of her grandfather, Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton. She was accompanied by Miss Mattie H. Barrows of the same city.

Miss Loretta Cahaud, who has spent many summers here, died in New York the past week. She had many friends in this city, some of whom went to New York to attend her funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter King have returned from Joliet, Ill., where they were guests of their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton King.

The wedding of Mr. Alton B. Long, of this city, and Miss Clara A. Baker, of Marlboro, Mass., will take place at the home of the bride next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have returned to New York after a visit to Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Ambrose have been spending a few days in Newport, guests of Mrs. F. W. Marshall on Charles street.

Mrs. William T. Bull, who has been visiting in New York, has returned to "Dudley Place," at the One Mile Corner.

Steamer George W. Danielson did not make her regular trip Wednesday, on account of the high wind and high sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. McCagg have returned to New York, after a visit to Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Gross have been spending a few days with relatives in Lynn the past week.

Mr. John D. Dickson has returned from Detroit and Hot Springs, greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Charles F. Frasch has returned from a visit to New York and Metuchen, N. J.

Mr. Charles E. Morrison has gone to Nova Scotia to visit relatives.

Washington's Birthday.

February 22nd this year was a very disagreeable day, quite different from what we have sometimes had in the past when the Newport Artillery and the other military organizations of this city have turned out on parade to honor the memory of the Father of his country. It began to rain in the forenoon and continued steadily all day, except for a time when some heavy flakes of snow fell. The snow melted as soon as it touched the ground and did not accumulate at all. In Providence there was more snow than rain, and about three inches formed in the streets, making very disagreeable walking.

There was not a great deal going on during the day. All government and public offices were closed as well as most of the business places throughout the city. The suspension of business was rather more general than has heretofore been customary, but those who had a day's vacation were somewhat at a loss as to what to do with the time at their disposal.

The Newport Artillery gun squad fired the customary salute at noon and in the evening the annual military ball was given at the company's armory on Clarke street. The building presented a very attractive appearance with its decorations of national colors, while the brilliant gowns of the ladies and the showy uniforms of the men added to the color effect. The affair was under the direction of a committee of which Colonel Frank P. King was the chairman.

William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held their annual Washington's Birthday celebration at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sanborn, in the evening. There was an amusing skit presented, entitled "A Mothers' Meeting," by a cast comprising the following members of the chapter: Miss Susan W. Swinburne, Miss Edith May Tilley, Mrs. William D. Sayer, Mrs. David T. Pluniger, Mrs. Harvey J. Lockrow, Miss Etta Peckham, Mrs. Edmund J. Tanner, Mrs. J. Alton Barker, Mrs. C. Edward Farnum, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Miss Catherine Jenckes. Refreshments were served and a few tables of bridge were started.

Newport Chapter, R. A. M.

The annual meeting of Newport Chapter, No. 2, Royal Arch Masons, was held on Thursday evening, when R. E. Deputy Grand High Priest William H. Scott, assisted by R. E. Grand Scribe Herbert Bliss, installed the newly elected officers. A handsome Past High Priest's jewel was presented to the retiring High Priest, William Champion, by Companion David Davis in behalf of the chapter.

The new officers of the chapter are as follows:

High Priest—Henry G. Riley.
King—Charles E. Bardsley.
Scribe—Max Levy.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McMahon.
Secretary—George C. Lawton.
Chaplain—Robert S. Franklin.
Captain of the Host—Walter W. Farnum.
Principal Sojourner—Harvey J. Lockrow.
Royal Arch Companion—Abner L. Slocum.
Master Third Veil—Otis Mowrey.
Master Second Veil—Alexander J. MacIver.
Master First Veil—George W. Mansfield.
Senior Steward—Harry L. Burbidge.
Junior Steward—Joseph W. Sampson.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler.

A man giving his name as George F. Easter of Boston was found in the home of Mr. Joseph B. Parsonage on Spring street Tuesday afternoon. He entered the house unannounced, but did not apparently make any effort to avoid being found. Miss Parsonage heard him moving around in the front part of the house and notified the police. The man was gentlemanly in his bearing and was supposed to be somewhat deranged mentally. His relatives in Boston were notified and the man was detained by the police until they came for him on Wednesday.

The funeral of Mary Dynan, who died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Daniel P. Murphy, on Thames street, last Sunday, took place from St. Mary's Church Tuesday morning and was largely attended. Rev. Michael F. Reddy officiated. The interment was in St. Columba's cemetery. The bearers were Messrs. Michael Breen, Daniel F. Murphy, John Cotter and John Murphy.

Messrs. Thomas R. Lawton of Fitchburg and S. Howard Lawton of Providence have been in the city the past week visiting their father, Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton, who has been confined to his home by illness.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Harriot Daly and Count Anton Sigray, the latter arriving in New York the past week on the Mauretania. The wedding will take place in a few weeks.

Washington Birthday Social.

Midnesia Council, No. 8, D. of P, held a Washington Birthday social in the Builders & Merchants Hall Tuesday evening. Despite the fact that there were many outside attractions, there was a good attendance. The committee, who had charge of the entertainment, deserves much credit for the attractive appearance of the hall, as it never looked prettier than on this occasion, the walls being most artistically decorated with flags, bunting, and pictures of Washington. Whist was played for several hours and at the finish the two prizes for the highest gentleman's and lady's scores were awarded to Mrs. Robert J. Hamilton and Mrs. Frank G. Scott, the latter substituting for a gentleman. The "consolations" were won by Mrs. William H. Groff and Mr. J. Charles Matley. At the close of the whist ice cream and fancy cakes were served and then the floor was cleared for the dancing, which lasted until the early hours of the morning. There was a jolly party present to enjoy the social festivities of the evening. The score cards all bore some remembrance of the occasion and were very pretty in design. Cherries were worn by nearly all present, having been distributed in the early part of the evening to the members and friends. Lodter's orchestra furnished a delightful program of dance music.

James Wilson Grimes Walker, civil engineer at the Naval Station here, has filed a suit against Mrs. Virginia S. Chinn and Miss Elizabeth Chinn, asking for $25,000 for alienation of the affections of his wife, who is the daughter of Mrs. Chinn. Mr. Walker alleges that undue influence brought by her mother and sister induced his wife to leave him. The Walker divorce case has attracted much attention in Newport as well as in other places, but it was thrown out of court by Judge Rathbun on account of the fact that the plaintiff, Mrs. Walker, could not prove a legal residence in this State.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in the court house in this city on Monday, March 7. A number of Newport lawyers have presented a petition to the court asking that a change be made in the manner of assignments to the end that all cases shall be taken up in the order of assignment instead of forcing over to the next session such cases as may be postponed by the consumption of longer time than was expected by earlier cases.

The Women's Relief Corps of Lawton-Warren Post held an entertainment in honor of Washington's birthday in the Grand Army hall Tuesday evening. There were recitations, music, tableaux and whist during the evening. Refreshments were served and a very social time enjoyed by all present.

Work on the new nurses home on Broadway progresses rapidly, although little can now be seen from the street, as the men are finishing the interior. Everybody that passes comments on the jail-like appearance of the building. It is expected to be ready for occupancy by the first of April.

Mrs. Henry T. Coggeshall and her son, of New York, but formerly of this city, contemplate a trip abroad in the early summer and will make a visit to Coggeshall, England.

A box alarm fire Wednesday afternoon called the apparatus to the Muenchinger house on Whitfield Court, but only slight damage was done.

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and the Countess Szechenyi (Miss Gladys Vanderbilt) have been at Palm Beach for a short visit the past week.

Mrs. Charles R. Peabody has been in Providence on a visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Commodore and Mrs. Dutee W. Flint.

The new Mumford school building on Farewell street will be thrown open to the public next Monday evening for inspection.

Mr. John W. Gillingham, who is ill at the home of his mother, Mrs. W. F. Adams, is reported to be slowing improving.

Mr. James M. King of Joliet, Ill., is spending a few days in Newport, guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter King.

Mrs. Herbert L. Marsh is in Washington, having been called there by the serious illness of a relative.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will leave New York early next week for an extended visit to the South.

Mrs. Samuel I. Carr has been confined to her home on Third street by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crandall are visiting in Washington and New York.

R. I. Union of Women's Clubs.

The Rhode Island Union of Women's Clubs held their seventh annual conference at the Mt. Zion Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday. Delegates were present from various clubs in Newport, Providence and other places. Miss Mary E. Jackson, of Providence, president of the union, presided. Mrs. Henry N. Jeter made an address of welcome and Mrs. Nathaniel Jackson of Pawtucket also addressed the meeting.

The morning session was mostly devoted to the transaction of business and reading of reports of the various committees. Miss Elizabeth Jackson of Newport was heard in recitation and Miss Romona Miller rendered a piano solo in a very finished manner. This was followed by a piano duet by the Misses Elsie Edwards and Dora West. Miss Olive Jeter read an interesting paper on "Hygiene."

Miss Mary E. Jackson, the president of the union, was appointed a delegate to represent the union at the convention of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs, which will be held in Louisville, Ky., July 11-16, and Miss R. J. Dunbar of Providence was appointed an alternate.

The following officers were elected:

President—Miss Mary E. Jackson, Providence.

First Vice President—Mrs. H. R. Nelson, Newport.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Mollie Willis, Pawtucket.

Third Vice President—Mrs. William Smith, Providence.

General Secretary—Miss Jocynthia Perry, Providence.

Assisting Secretary—Miss Ettie Gibbons, Newport.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. Allieou, Pawtucket.

The afternoon session was a very pleasing and profitable one to all present and was interspersed with a musical program. The evening attendance was very large and the president's address was one of the most pleasing features of the convention. A musical program added largely to the evening's enjoyment and was concluded by a chorus of the Young Christian People's Musical and Literary Association.

Funeral services for Mr. Alexander Barney, who died on Friday of last week, were held from his late residence on Third street Monday afternoon, Rev. Gustave A. Hurlbert, of the United Congregational Church, officiating. The Grand Army service for the dead was conducted by Commander James H. Hampton, Andrew McMahon, George A. Pritchard, Jere I. Greene and Charles H. Clarke of Lawton-Warren Post, and Mr. Pritchard sang "The Vacant Chair." The body was taken today to Nantucket, Mass., for burial.

A memorial mass was celebrated Tuesday morning at St. Joseph's Church for the repose of the souls of deceased members of Knights of Columbus and a large number were present of the local Knights. The service consisted of a solemn high mass of requiem with Rev. Dr. Doran, chaplain of the Council, celebrant; Rev. Father Mahon, deacon, and Rev. Father O'Rourke, sub-deacon. During the service a male chorus, composed of members of the order, sang the Gregorian chant in a very effective manner.

Mr. Reuben Tharp, who was killed in the explosion of a powder mill in California last week, was well known in Newport, where he was a frequent visitor. He was a chemist and was overcome by the fumes. His body was forwarded to his home at Rahway, N. J., for interment.

Mr. William Leys, of the Heed-Leys Company, has gone on a trip to the West Indies and will visit Venezuela and Panama before he returns home.

Mr. Kenneth C. Grant, formerly of this city but now of Harrisburg, paid a visit to his mother, Mrs. J. C. Grant, on Bay View avenue the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kerr have been receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on the 20th instant.

Mrs. Philip Macvicar, who recently underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital, is slowly improving.

Master Thomas Kimber, son of Rev. and Mrs. John S. Kimber, has been confined to his home by illness.

A valuable dog, belonging to Mr. William T. Bowler, was run over by an automobile on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Wagstaff were guests of Mrs. Amos Tuck French the past week.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry N. Jeter have been entertaining Mrs. Byron Gunner, formerly of this city.

The public and parochial schools were closed on Tuesday, in honor of Washington's birthday.

Mrs. John Merker and her son will shortly sail for France to visit relatives.

Colonel William P. Sheffield was a visitor here on Tuesday.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday there were four members present including Philip Caswell, Arthur W. Chase, John H. Oxx and Francis J. Coggeshall. The first and final account of William B. Caswell, Administrator on the estate of Hannah E. Caswell, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded. Philip Caswell was appointed Administrator de bonis non with will annexed, on the estate of his father, Philip Caswell, Jr., and gave bond in the sum of $500, with William S. Caswell as surety.

The will of Mary E. Manchester was proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary were directed to issue to John H. Manchester as Executor, upon his giving bond in the sum of $2000, John H. Spooner, Robert H. Manchester and Henry I. Chase, Jr., were appointed appraisers.

In Town Council the following additional jurors were drawn: Grand, Ashton C. Barker, Percy T. Bailey, Charles P. Smith and William R. Hunter. Petit, William M. Spooner, George B. Coggeshall, Philip S. Wilbor, Willard E. Chase, Dennis J. Murphy, William V. Hart, Frederick A. Smith and Adolph L. Augrain.

Claims for damages from dogs in killing poultry were presented by Otto Eberhardt for $6.90, Samuel B. Dodge $5, George H. Albro $8.20. The claims were allowed and the claimants granted orders on the dog fund.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: For shoveling snow in the highways in District No. 1, Elmer B. Sisson, surveyor, $189.40; in District No. 2, William S. Caswell, surveyor, $121.50; in District No. 4, Daniel A. Carter, surveyor, $187.70. For highway repairs—Elmer B. Sisson, $56.35; William S. Caswell, $19.57; Daniel A. Carter, $24; services as Janitor, Arthur A. Brigham, $5.00; coal for Town Hall, Abram Almy Company, $7.60; well buckets, John H. Oxx, 60cts.; police service, James Bloomfield, $4 20; electric light, Old Colony Street Railway Company, $2.16; work at town hall, Benjamin W. H. Peckham, $35; stamps from State Sealer, William E. Goodwin, $2.25; accounts for the relief of the poor, $48 25. Total, $648.48.

It was resolved to canvass the voting lists for the annual town meeting to be held on April 6, on Friday, April 2, at two p. m., and notice thereof was ordered published and posted as required by law.

JURORS WARNED.—For the March term of the Superior Court the following jurors have been warned: Grand, Ashton C. Barker, to appear on Monday, March 7. Petit, Robert W. Smith and William M. Spooner, to appear on Wednesday, March 9.

Mrs. Maria Rose, formerly of Block Island, widow of William Honeywell, died on Thursday of last week, in her 85th year, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Arnold Spink, on Green End avenue, where she had been ill for some time of heart trouble, combined with pneumonia. A patient sufferer, yet always ready with words of cheer and comfort for others, her loss will be keenly felt by all who knew her. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Spink, and by one son, Mr. Atmore Honeywell, of the West Main road, by six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel Sunday afternoon and were conducted by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, who also read the committal service at the grave. Mrs. Honeywell was placed in her son's (Mr. Atmore Honeywell's) lot being laid beside the body of her husband, who has been dead over 4 years. The bearers were Messrs. John Peabody, James H. Barker, James Taber and Frank Lewis.

The local office of the New York & Boston Despatch Express Company will be closed on the first of March when the Adams will occupy the field alone. Heretofore the New York & Boston has handled the business by railroad from Boston and the Adams has taken charge of the goods that have come by the Wickford Line.

Mrs. Leana Pike died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John M. Friend, on Wednesday, after a long illness. She was 81 years of age. She was the widow of Tennant D. Pike and is survived by one son, Mr. Joseph B. Pike, and one daughter, Mrs. Friend.

The Caldwell property at the corner of Kay and Ayrault streets has passed into the ownership of the Baroness von Zedwitz, the surviving daughter of Mr. Caldwell, by a quitclaim of the Marquis Monastera Merinville, the husband of the elder daughter who died recently.

Dr. Frank Holt who has been seriously ill at the Boston City Hospital, is reported as slightly improved. His condition was so serious last week that there was no hope for his recovery, but the attending physicians now feel quite encouraged.

Mr. Joseph H. Garnett, son of Captain and Mrs. Frow B. Garnett, has been visiting his relatives in this city having been called here by the serious illness of his mother.

Mrs. Frow B. Garnett, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia for some time, is somewhat improved.

Messrs. Joseph Haire, Oliver Tisdall and Herbert E. Nason have started for Florida for a short outing.

Mr. J. Henry Cremin was in New York the past week, attending the motor boat show.

Mrs. Gardiner B. Reynolds is visiting relatives in Providence.



The Riverman

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By Stewart Edward White

Chapter 30

TO Carroll's delight, Orde returned unexpectedly from the woods late that night. He was so busy these days that she welcomed any chance to see him.

After breakfast Carroll accompanied her husband to the front door. When they opened it a blast of air rushed in, whirling some dead leaves with it.

"I guess the fine weather's over," said Orde, looking up at the sky.

A dull lead color had succeeded the soft gray. The heavens seemed to have settled down closer to the earth. Whirlwinds scurried among the dead leaves on the lawns, chasing them madly around in circles.

"Winter's coming," shivered Carroll.

Carroll resolved to take a drive, as she enjoyed blustery weather. She stopped for Miss Heinzman, and the two walked around to the stable, where the men harnessed old Prince into the phaeton.

They entered Main street, where there was a great banging and clanging of swinging signs and a few loose shutters. All the sidewalk displays of vegetables and other goods had been taken in, and the doors, customarily wide open, were now shut fast.

"I wonder where all the farmers' wagons are?" marveled the practical Miss. "Surely they would not stay home Saturday afternoon just for this wind!"

Opposite Randall's hardware store her curiosity quite mastered her.

"Do stop!" she urged Carroll. "I want to run in and see what's the matter."

She was gone but a moment and returned, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Oh, Carroll," she cried, "there are three vessels gone ashore off the piers! Everybody's gone to see."

"Jump in," said Carroll. "We'll drive out. Perhaps they'll get out the life saving crew."

Carroll drove straight ahead until Prince stood at the top of the plank road that led down to the bathhouses. Here she pulled up.

Carroll saw the lake, slate blue and angry, with whitecapped billows to the limit of vision. Along the shore were rows and rows of breakers, leaping, breaking and gathering again. These did not look to be very large until she noticed the twin piers reaching out from the river's mouth. Each billow as it came in rose sullenly above them, broke tempestuously to overwhelm the entire structure of their ends and ripped inshore along their lengths, the crest submerging as it ran every foot of the massive structures.

"Look there—out farther!" pointed Miss.

Three little toy ships—or so they seemed compared to the mountains of water—lay broadside to just inside the farthest line of breakers. Two were sailing schooners. These had been thrown on their beam ends, their masts pointing at an angle toward the beach. Each wave broke in a deluge of water that covered their hulls completely from sight. With a mighty suction the billow drained away, carrying with it wreckage. The third vessel was a steam barge. The shoreward side of her upper works had given away first, so now the interior of her staterooms and saloons was exposed to view as in the cross section of a model ship. Over her, too, the great waves hurled themselves, each carrying away its spoil.

"Poor fellows!" cried Miss.

"What?" asked Carroll.

"Don't you see them?" queried the other.

Carroll looked, and in the rigging of the schooner she made out a number of black objects.



"Are those men up the masts?"

"Are those men up the masts?" she cried.

She set Prince in motion toward the beach.

At the foot of the bluff the plank road ran out into the deep sand. Through this the phaeton made its way heavily. Already the beach was strewn with pieces of wreckage. The crowd gathered at the pier comprised fully half the population of Monrovia. It centered about the life saving crew, whose mortar was being loaded. A stove-in lifeboat mutely attested the failure of other efforts. When the preparations were finished their chief aimed the mortar and pulled the string. The dart with its trailer of line rose on a long, graceful curve. The reel sang. But the resistance of the wind and the line early made itself felt. Slower and slower hummed the reel. By a good 300 yards the shot failed to carry over the vessels.

"There's Mr. Bradford," said Carroll, waving her hand. "Couldn't they get the lifeboats out to them?" she asked as he approached.

"No."

"But surely they will never get a line over with the mortar!" said Carroll. "That last shot fell so far short!"

"They know it. They've shot a dozen times."

At this moment from the river a trail of black smoke became visible over the point of sand hill that ran down to the pier. A smokestack darted into view, slowed down and came to rest well inside the river channel. There it rose and fell on the swell. The crowd uttered a cheer.

"Come and see what's up," suggested Bradford.

He hitched Prince to a log and led the way to the pier.

The Sprite was lying close under the pier. Harvey, the negro engineer, leaned against the sill of his little square door, smoking his pipe.

"I wouldn't go out there for a million dollars!" cried a man excitedly. "Nothing on earth could live in that sea!"

"What are they going to do?" asked Carroll.

"Haven't you heard?" cried the other. "This is one of Orde's tugs, and she's going to try to get a line to them vessels."

Bradford turned abruptly and brushed toward the tug, followed by Carroll and Miss. At the edge of the pier was the tug's captain, Marsh, listening to earnest expostulation by a half dozen of the leading men of the town, among whom were both Newmark and Orde.

"Gentlemen," said he crisply, "I'm entirely willing to take all personal risks. The thing is hazardous, and it's Mr. Orde's tug. It's for him to say whether he wants to risk her."

"Good Lord, man, what's the tug in a case like this!" cried Orde.

"I thought so," replied Captain Marsh. "I'll take her out if I can get a crew. Harvey, step up here."

The engineer hoisted his long figure through the doorway.

"Harvey," said Captain Marsh briskly, "we're going to try to get a line aboard those vessels. It's dangerous. Will you go?"

"You all goin', suh?" he asked.

"Of course."

"I reckon I'll done half to go, too," said Harvey simply. He swung lightly back to the uneasy craft below him.

"I want a man with me at the wheel, two to handle the lines and one to fire for Harvey," said Captain Marsh.

"That's our job," announced the life saving captain.

"Well, come on, then."

Captain Marsh shook the hand which Orde, stooping, offered him.

"I'll try to bring her back all right, sir," said he.

"To h— with the tug!" cried Orde. "Bring yourself back!"

Marsh entered the pilothouse.

"Cast off!" he cried. The "Jangler" called for full speed ahead.

"Brave chaps! Brave chaps!" said Dr. McMullen to Carroll. "But, do you know, to my mind, the bravest of them all are that nigger and his fireman nailed down in the hold where they can't see nor know what's going on."

The tug had rounded the end of the pier. The first of her thousand enemies, sweeping in from the open, had struck her fair.

"She can stand that all right," said one of the life saving crew. "But wait till she drops down to the vessels."

The Sprite was now so distant that the loom of the great seas swallowed her from view save when she rose on the crest of some mighty billow.

"There, she's turned now!" cried some one.

Beneath the trail of black smoke she had shifted direction. With startling swiftness the Sprite darted out of the horizon into full view. For the first time the spectators realized the size and weight of the seas. One moment the whole of her deck was visible, the next her bow alone showed high as the back suction caught her and dragged her into the hollow. A sea rose behind. Nothing of the tug was to be seen. It seemed that no power could prevent her being overwhelmed. Yet somehow always she staggered out of the gulf until she was again cast forward like a chip.

"Maybe they ain't catchin' p'ticular h— at that wheel to hold her from yawing!" muttered the tug captain.

The Sprite rushed at the outer line of breakers. The combers crested and fell with a roar, just as in milder weather the surf breaks on the beach. A woman in the crowd screamed. But at the edge of destruction the Sprite came to a shuddering stop. Her powerful propellers had been set to the reverse. Thus she hovered on the edge of the breakers, awaiting her chance. If one of the waves should happen to crest and break, the water, catching the tug on her flat stern deck, would indubitably bury her. The situation was awful in its extreme simplicity. Would Captain Marsh see his opportunity before the law of chances would bring along the wave that would overwhelm him?

Two or three of the townsmen walked up and down. One woman prayed aloud in short hysterical sentences.

"O God, save them! O Lord, O Lord!"

Orde stood on top of a half buried log, his entire being concentrated on the maneuver being executed. Only Newmark apparently remained as calm as ever.

Suddenly, without warning, occurred one of those inexplicable lulls that interpose often amid the wildest uproars. Between two waves the Sprite darted forward directly for the nearest of the wrecks.

"She'll collide!" some one shrieked.

But the tug swerved and turned on a long diagonal across the end of the bar.

Marsh had chosen his moment with exactitude. He had taken advantage of the brief lull of jumbled seas after the "three largest waves" had swept by. Yet in shallow water and with the strong inshore set, even that lull was all too short. The Sprite was staggered by the breakers; her speed was checked; her stern was dragged around. She tore herself from the grasp of the current. Enveloped in a blinding ball of spray, she struggled desperately to extricate herself before the resumption of the larger seas should roll her over to destruction. Already these larger seas were rising in from the open.

Far out in the lake against the tumbling horizon Carroll saw heave up for a second the shoulder of a mighty wave. And instinctively she perceived this wave as a deadly enemy of the little tug and saw it bending all its great energies to hurrying in on time to catch the victim before it could escape. Her whole being was concentrated in a continually shifting calculation of the respective distances between the tug and the piers, the tug and the relentlessly advancing wave.

"Oh, go!" she exhorted the Sprite under her breath.

Huge and towering, the wave came on now calmly and deliberately. The Sprite was off the end of the pier when the wave lifted her, just in the position her enemy would have selected to crush her life out against the cribs. Slowly the tug rose against its shoulder, was lifted onward, poised, and then with a swift forward thrust the wave broke, smothering the pier and lighthouse beneath tons of water.

A low, agonized wail broke from the crowd. And then—and then—over beyond the pier they saw gliding a battered black stack from which still poured defiantly clouds of gray smoke.

The Sprite was safe.

"I wonder if she got the line aboard," speculated the turbulent captain at last.

The crowd surged over to the piers again. Below them rose and fell the Sprite. All the fancy scrollwork of her upper works, the cornice of her deck house, the light rigging of her cabin had disappeared. The tall smokestack was bent awry.

At sight of Marsh the crowd set up a yell. He paid no attention. One of the life saving men tossed a mooring line ashore. It was seized by a dozen men. Then for the first time somebody noticed that, although the tug had come to a standstill, her screw was still turning slowly over and over, holding her against the erratic strong jerk-



"She'll collide!" some one shrieked.

ing of a slender rope that ran through her stern chocks and into the water.

"He got it aboard!" yelled the man, pointing.

Another cheer broke out.

The life saving crew took charge. It was necessary to pass the line around the end of the pier and back to the beach. This was a dangerous job and one requiring considerable power and ingenuity, for the strain on the line imposed by the waters was terrific, and the breaking seas rendered work on the piers extremely hazardous.

A number of the curious lingered about the Sprite. Marsh and Orde were in consultation over the smashed stern. Harvey leaned out his little square door.

"No," he answered a query. "I wasn't what you all would call scairt—that is, not really scairt—jess a little nervous. All I had to do was to feed her slabs and listen foh my bell. You see, Cap'n Ma'sh, he was in cha'ge."

"No, sir," Captain Marsh was saying emphatically to his employer. "I can't figure it out except on one thing. You see, it's stove from underneath. A sea would have smashed it from above. That last sea must 've lifted us bodily right over the corner of the pier."

"Well, maybe," assented Orde doubtfully.

"Sure thing," repeated Marsh, with conviction.

"Well, you'd better not tell 'em so unless you want to rank in with old man Ananias," ended Orde.

The wild and picturesque work of rescue was under way. The line had been successfully brought to the left of the lighthouse. To it had been attached the rope and to that the heavy cable. These the crew of the schooner had dragged out and made fast to a mast. The shore end passed over a



"They were ours," he said.

"They were ours," he said.

tall scissors. When the cable was tightened the breeches buoy was put into commission, and before long the first member of the crew was hauled ashore, plunging in and out of the waves as the rope tightened or slackened. He was a flaxen haired Norwegian. The crew and its volunteers worked quickly. Carroll and Miss stayed until dusk and after, watching the long heavy labor of rescue. The women, making the hot coffee found their services becoming valuable. Big fires of driftwood were ignited. They were useful for light as well as warmth.

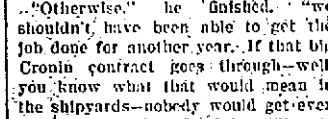
Orde discovered the two girls and drew Carroll one side.

"You'd better go home now, sweetheart," said he. "Bobby 'll be waiting for you."

"I suppose so," she assented. "But hasn't it been exciting? Whose vessels were they, do you know?"

Orde glanced at her strangely.

"They were ours," said he.



Chapter 31

ORDE, mounted the office stairs next day with a very heavy step. The loss of the North Star and of the two schooners meant a great deal to him at that time.

"I can't understand why Floyd started," said Orde. "He ought to know better than to face sure prospects of a fall blow. I'll tan his soul for that, all right."

"I'm partly responsible," said Newmark.

"You!" cried Orde.

"Yes. You see that Smith & Mabley shipment was important enough to strain a point for—and it's only twenty-four hours or so—and it certainly didn't look as if it were going to blow. Poor Floyd feels bad enough."

Orde began to appreciate his circumstances. The loss on the cargo of "uppers" represented $20,000 in money. As for the North Star and her consorts, save for the insurance, they were simply eliminated. The loss of $60,000 or so on them, however, did not mean a diminution of the company's present cash resources to that amount and so did not immediately affect Orde's calculations as to the payment of the notes which were now soon to come due.

Orde disappeared for a week, his organizing abilities claimed for the distribution of the road crews. When he returned to the office Newmark showed him contracts for the construction of three new vessels.

"I get them for $55,000," said he, "with $30,000 of it on long time."

"Without consulting me!" cried Orde.

Newmark explained that he had really been taking advantage of a lucky opportunity.

"Otherwise," he finished, "we shouldn't have been able to get the job done for another year. If that big Cronin contract goes through—well, you know what that would mean in the shipyards—nobody would get even a look in. And McLeod is willing to give us a price to keep his men busy. So, you see, I had to close at once."

"It's a good chance, all right," admitted Orde; "but it never occurred to me we'd build any more vessels until we'd recovered a little."

"Recovered," Newmark repeated coldly. "I don't see what 'recovered' has to do with it. If the mill burned down we'd rebuild, wouldn't we? And as we're making $15,000 a year out of our freighting it seems to me too good a business to let slip into other hands."

"I suppose so," agreed Orde.

"Therefore I had to act without you," Newmark finished.

"Of course," agreed Orde drearily.

"Joe," replied Orde, "I don't think I'll stay downtown this morning. I—"

Newmark glanced up keenly.

"You don't look well," said he; "kind of pale around the gills; bilious."

Orde closed his desk and went out. Newmark turned back to his papers. From an inner pocket he produced a cigar. The corners of his mouth slowly curved in a grim smile.

Orde immediately set into motion the machinery of banking to borrow on the California timber. Taylor took charge of this, as the only man in Monrovia who had Orde's confidence. At the end of a necessary delay Orde received notice that the west had been heard from. He stepped across the hall to the lawyer's office.

"Well, Frank," said he, "glad we managed to push it through with so little trouble."

Taylor arose, shut carefully the door into his outer office, walked to the window, looked contemplatively out upon the hotel back yard and returned to his desk.

"But there is trouble," said he curtly.

"What's the matter?" asked Orde.

"The banks refuse the loan."

Orde stared at him in blank astonishment.

"What grounds can they possibly have for that?"

"It's about the title."

"But I thought you went over the title."

"I did," stated Taylor emphatically, "and I'll stake my reputation as a lawyer that everything is straight and clear from the land office itself. I've wired for an explanation, and we ought surely to know something definite by tomorrow."

For the first time in his business career a real anxiety gnawed Orde's vitals. He had been in many tight places, but somehow heretofore success or failure had seemed to him about immaterial, like points gained or conceded in the game. Now the game itself was at issue. Property, reputation and the family's future were at stake. Therefore he awaited further news with the greatest impatience.

The message came the following day. "Land office under investigation," Orde read. "Fraudulent entries suspected."

Taylor glanced up at Orde with commiseration.

"They simply won't lend money on an uncertainty," said he.

"Frank," said Orde, rousing himself, "I've got to be here. I couldn't get away if my life depended on it. I want you to go to California and look after those interests for me. Make what arrangements you please, but go. It'll be like a sort of vacation to you. And I'll make it worth your while. Take Clara with you. Now, straighten it out as quick as you can. Borrow that money on it and send it on p. d. q."

Taylor hesitated. "All right," he said at last.

"Good!" cried Orde, rising and holding out his hand. He made his way to the office of the Welton Lumber company.

"Look here, Welton," he demanded abruptly when he had reached that operator's private office, "how much of a cut are you going to make this year?"

"About 20,000,000," replied Welton. "Why?"

"Just figuring on the drive," said Orde, nodding a farewell.

He then drove to the offices of all the men owning timber on the river. When



"I'm going to cut that whole 40,000,000."

"I'm going to cut that whole 40,000,000," he had collected his statistics he returned to his desk, where he filled the backs of several envelopes with his characteristically minute figures. He nodded his head vigorously.

"Joe," he called across to his partner, "I'm going to cut that whole 40,000,000 we have left."

"Do you think you can do it? It's two years' work."

"Sure thing," replied Orde. Then to himself he added, "I've got to."



Chapter 32

ORDE was fighting for his very life. The notes given by Newmark & Orde would come due beginning the following summer. Before that time Orde must be able to meet them personally or his stock in the Boom company would be turned in to the firm. This would of course spell nearly a total loss of it as far as Orde was concerned.

The chief anxiety under which the rivernan labored, however, was the imminent prospect of losing under the mortgage all the northern peninsula timber. Now, as the time approached, he realized that, if he could not pay the notes the firm would certainly be unable to do so. What with the second mortgage due two years later and to be met by Newmark, with the outstanding obligations, with the new enterprise of the vessels ordered from Duncan McLeod, Newmark & Orde would be unable to raise anything like the necessary amount. He fell upon the woods work with unparalleled ferocity. A sale of the 40,000,000 feet remaining of the firm's up river holdings, together with the tolls to be collected for driving the river that spring, would bring Orde through by "the skin of his teeth." To cut 40,000,000 feet, even in these latter days of improvements, would be a task to strain to the utmost every resource of energy and organization.

Nevertheless Orde accomplished the task. He lived constantly in the woods. The Rough Red had charge of the banking, where his aggressive, brutal personality kept the rollways free from congestion. When the drive started the cut was banked for miles along the stream, 40,000,000 feet of it.

The strain over, Orde faced the task of driving the river.

From Taylor, Orde had several communications. The lawyer confessed



He lived constantly in the woods.

He lived constantly in the woods.

himself baffled as to the purpose of the land office investigation. The whole affair appeared to be tangled in technicalities and a snarl of red tape.

Orde did not much care for this delay. He saw his way clear to meeting his obligations without the necessity of hypothecating the California timber and was the better pleased for it. With the break up of spring he proceeded confidently with the largest drive in the history of the river, a matter of over 200,000,000 feet.

The morning of June 20 dawned clear. Orde drove rapidly to the distributing booms. After a glance at the river he entered the tiny office and set about the examination of the tally sheets. The foreman, Tom North, entered.

"The river's rising," he said.

"You're crazy," muttered Orde. "There have been no rains reported."

"It's rising," insisted North.

An hour later Orde walked out over

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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Sundays, 6.50, a. m., then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.30 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays 6.30 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River, (for Stone Bridge only) 4.50 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

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Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 5.18 p. m.

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THE RIVERMAN

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

for months. The water certainly had risen. He called a boy.

"Here, Jimmy," said he, "mark one of those piles and keep track of how fast the water rises."

The river slowly rose.

"I don't like June floods," Orde told Tom North. "A fellow can understand an ordinary spring freshet and knows about how far it will go, but these summer floods are so confounded mysterious I can't figure out what's struck the old stream unless they're having almighty heavy rains up near headwaters."

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon Jimmy Powers reported a rise since morning of six inches.

"Tom," said Orde to the old riverman, "I'm going to send Marsh down for the pile drivers and some cable."

"What in blazes do you expect to do with that?" he inquired.

"We may need them," Orde stated, with conviction. "If those logs ever break through they'll go on out to Lake Michigan and wouldn't be worth the salvage."

"That's a mighty long chance," North commented.

"If this drive goes out it surely busts me," replied Orde, "and I'm not taking even long chances."

A cloudburst in the China creek district followed by continued heavy rains was responsible for the increased water. The evening papers mentioned this only incidentally. Their columns were filled with an account of the big log jam that had formed above the iron railroad bridge. The planing mill's booms had given way under pressure, and the contents had piled downstream against the buttresses.

Orde slept that night at the booms. The water by morning had crept so far up the piles that there began to be danger that it would overflow their tops. In that case, of course, the logs in the booms would also run out.

Orde set a crew of men to raising the height of the piling by tying logs firmly to the bolted timbers atop. This would take care of an extra two feet of water, a two feet beyond all previous records. Another crew stretched the fifteen inch manila cables across the field of logs in order to segregate them into several units of mass.

About two hours later the pile driver moved up. The swing was opened, and the men began to drive clumps of piles in such a position as to strengthen the swing when the latter should be shut. It was a slow job. Each pile had to be taken from the raft at the stern of the scow, erected in the "carrier," and pounded into place by the heavy hammer raised and let drop in the derrick at the bow.

Long before the task was finished the logs in the temporary booms had begun to slide atop one another, to cross and tangle, until at last the river bed inside the booms was filled with a jam of formidable dimensions. From beneath it the water boiled in eddies. Orde, looking at it, roused himself to sudden activity.

"Get a move on," he advised Captain Aspinwall of the driver. "If that jam breaks on us we want to be ready, and if it don't break before you get this swing strengthened maybe we can hold her where she is. There's no earthly doubt that those boom piles will never stand up when they get the full pressure of the freshet."

The driver's crew labored desperately, hoisting the piles into the carriage, tripping the heavy hammer, binding feverishly the clumps of piles together by means of cables.

Two of the clumps had been placed and bound when suddenly, with a roar, the upper booms gave way, projecting their logs upon the opening and the driver.

The half dozen members of the crew were scattered by the winds of a panic. Two or three flung themselves on their faces; one leaped into the river. Imminent destruction seemed upon them.

Tom North, at the winch that operated the arm of the swing, however, retained his presence of mind. At the first sag outward of the boom piles he set in operation the machinery that closed the gate. Clumsy and slow as was his mechanism, he nevertheless succeeded in getting the long arm started. The logs, rushing in back of it, hurried it shut. Immediately they jammed again and heaped up in a formidable tangle behind the barrier. Tom North, his little black pipe between his teeth, stood calm, the lever of his winch in his hand. A short three feet from the spot on which he stood the first saw log of the runny that might have overwhelmed him thrust forward its ugly head. The wash of the water lifted the huge pile driver bodily and deposited it with a crash half on the bank and half in the water.

Instantly after the first break Orde had commenced running out over the booms from the shore.

"Good boy, Tom!" he shot at North.

Across the jam he hurried to where the pile driver lay. Captain Aspinwall examined the supports of the derrick on deck.

"That was lucky," said Orde briefly. "Stove you in?"

"I—I don't think so," replied the captain.

"That's good. I'll send over the tug to help get her afloat. We've got our work cut out for us now."

"You don't expect me to work my driver under the face of that jam!" cried the captain.

"What's the matter?" asked Orde.

"It isn't safe," replied the captain, "and I don't intend to risk my men or my driver."

Orde, with a snort of anger, seized the man and thrust him bodily over the side to the bank.

"Safe, you white livered skunk!" he roared. "Safe! Go over in the middle of that ten acre lot and lie down on your face and see if you feel safe there! Get out, the whole pack of you! I'm in charge here now."

Aspinwall picked himself up.

"Get off my driver!" he snarled.

"This driver is requisitioned!" cried Orde. "Get out! I've got to save my logs!"

Tom North and some others of the crew came running across the jam.

"Get a cable to the winch!" Orde shouted at these as soon as they were within hearing. "And get Marsh up here with the Sprite. We've got to get afloat."

He paid no more attention to the ejected crew.

A few minutes' hard work put the driver afloat. Fortunately its raft of piles had not become detached in the upheaval.

"Tom," said Orde briskly to North, "you know the pile driving business. Pick out your crew and take charge."

Orde took charge of the situation in its entirety, as a general might. He set North immediately to driving clumps each of sixteen piles, bound to solidity by chains, and so arranged in angles and slants as to direct the enormous pressure toward either bank, thus splitting the enemy's power. The small driver owned by the Boom company drove similar clumps here, there and everywhere that need arose or weakness developed. Seventy-five men opposed to the weight of 20,000,000 tons of logs and a river of water the expedients invented by determination and desperation.

Orde gave over formal defenses and threw his energies to saving the weak places which rapidly developed. By the most tremendous exertions he seemed but just able to keep even. Piles quivered, bent slowly outward. Immediately, before the logs behind them could stir, the pile driver must do its work. Back and forth darted the Sprite and her sister tug, the Spray, towing the pile drivers or the strings of piles. Under the frowning destruction the crews had to do their work. And if ever a break should come there would be no escape. Crushed and buried, the men would be borne to an unknown grave in the lake. Every man knew it. Darkness came. No one stopped for food.



He seemed but just able to keep even.

Morning found no change in the situation. The water rose steadily. The logs grew more and more restive; the defenses weaker and more inadequate.



Chapter 33

ALL that day and the next night the fight was hand to hand without the opportunity of a breathing space. Then Orde bareheaded and dishevelled, strung to a high excitement, began to be harassed by annoyances. The piles gave out. Newmark left, ostensibly to purchase more. He did not return. Tom North and Jim Denning, their eyes burning deep in their heads for lack of sleep, came to Orde, holding to him symbolically their empty hands.

"No more piles," they said briefly.

"Get 'em," said Orde with equal brevity. "Newmark will have enough here shortly. In the meantime get them."

North and his friend disappeared, taking with them the crews of the drivers and the two tugs. After an interval they returned towing small rafts of the long timbers. Orde did not make any inquiries, nor until days later did he see a copy of the newspaper telling how a lawless gang of rivermen had driven away the railroad men and stolen the railroad's property.

Orde was everywhere. Miles and miles he traveled, running along the tops of the booms, over the surface of the jam, spying the weakening places and hurrying to them a rescue.

Toward noon the piles gave out again.

"Where in h— is Newmark?" exploded Orde. He sent North and a crew of men to cut piles from standing timber in farm wood lots near the river.

"If the owners object stand them off with your peavies!"

Down river the various mill owners were busy with what men they had left in stringing defenses across the river in case Orde's works should go out. When Orde heard this he swore vigorously.

"Crazy fools!" he spat out. "They'd be a lot better off helping here. If this goes out their little booms won't amount to a whiff of wind."

He sent word to that effect; but, lacking the enforcement of his personal presence, his messages did not carry conviction, and the panic stricken owners continued to labor, each according to his ideas. However, Welton answered the summons. Orde hailed his coming with a shout.

"I want a dredge!" he yelled as soon as the lumberman was within distance. "I believe we can relieve the pressure somewhat by a channel into Stearn's bayou. Get that government dredge up and through the bayou as soon as you can."

"All right," said Welton briefly. "Can you hold her?"

"I've got to hold her," replied Orde between clinched teeth. "Where in h— is Newmark? I need him for fifty things, and he's disappeared off the face of the earth! Purdy, that second cable! She's snapped a strand! Get a re-enforcing line on her!" He ran without another thought of Welton.

But flesh and blood has its limit of endurance, and that limit was almost reached. Orde heard the first premonitions of reaction in the mild grumblings that arose. Although the need for struggle against the tireless dynamics of the river was as insistent as ever, although it seemed certain that a moment's cessation of effort would permit the enemy an irretrievable gain, he called a halt on the whole work.

"Boys," said he irrelevantly, "let's have a smoke."

He threw himself full length against a slanting pile, leisurely filling his pipe. The men stared a moment and then followed his example. The horizon lay low and black against the afterglow. Beneath it the river shone like silver. Over beyond the rise of land that lay between the river and Stearn's bayou could be seen the cloud of mingled smoke and steam that marked the activity of the dredge. Orde was apparently more at ease than any of the rest, but each instant he expected to hear the premonitory crack that would sound the end of everything. Finally he yawned and got to his feet.

"Now," said he, a new ring in his voice, "come on and let's get something done!"

They responded to a man.

By midnight the water had gone down slightly. Half the crew snatched a little sleep. For several hours more the issue hung in equilibrium. Then, with the opening of the channel into Stearn's bayou, the heaviest pressure was relieved. For the moment the acute danger point was passed. Orde spent the next two days in strengthening the defenses. The men were able to take their quota of meals and of sleep.

The jam had been successfully held at the iron railroad bridge above Redding, but only by the most strenuous efforts. Braces of oak beams had been slanted where they would do the most good. Chains strengthened the weaker spots, and on top of all ton after ton of railroad iron held the whole immovably. Nolan had all the help he required. Every device known was employed to strengthen the jam. For only a few hours was the result in doubt. Then, as the Clarion jubilantly expressed it, "It's a hundred dollars to an old hat she holds!"

Orde received all this with satisfaction, but with a slight skepticism.

"It's a floating jam, and it gets a push from underneath," he pointed out. "It's probably safe, but another flood might send it out."

"The floods are going down," said North.

"Good Lord, I hope so!" said Orde.

Newmark sent word that a sudden fit of sickness had confined him to the house.

Now Orde decided to break out a channel through the jam itself. This was a necessary preliminary to getting the logs in shape for distribution. An opening was made in the piles, and the rivermen, with pike poles and peavies, began cautiously to dig their way through the tangled timbers. The government pile driver, which had finally been sent up from below, began placing five extra booms at intervals downstream to capture the drift as fast as it was turned loose. The troubles appeared to be quite over when word came from Redding that the waters were again rising. Ten minutes later Leopold Lincoln Bunn, the local reporter, came flapping in on Randall's old white horse, like a second Paul Revere, crying that the iron bridge had gone and the logs were racing down river toward the booms.

"It just went out!" he answered the eager exclamations of the men who crowded around him. "That's all I know. It went out! And the other bridges! Sure! All but the Lake Shore! Don't know why that didn't go out. No; the logs didn't jam there—just slid right under!"

"That settles it," said Welton.

"You won't quit?" cried Orde.

"Certainly. You're crazy!" said Welton, with some asperity. "If they can't stop a little jam with iron, what are your wooden defenses going to amount to against the whole accumulation? When those logs hit the tail of this jam she'll go out before you can wink. It's sure death, and I'm not going to sacrifice my men."

Already the news was spreading among the workers on the jams. Orde saw the government driver below casting loose from her moorings. A moment later her tug towed her away to a side bayou of safety out of the expected rush to the lake.

"But we can hold her!" cried Orde in desperation.

"It's no use, boy," said old Carlin; "it's sure death."

"Sure death!" Orde laughed bitterly. "All right; sure death, then. Isn't there a man in this crowd that will tackle this sort of sure death with me?"

"I'm with you." "And me," said North and the Rough Red in a breath.

"Good!" cried Orde. "You, too, Johnny Sims and Purdy and Jimmy Powers? Bully boys!"

"I reckon you'll need the tug," said Marsh.

A dozen more of Orde's personal following volunteered.

"We've got to close that opening first thing," said he. "Marsh, tow the pile driver up there."

The opening was to be closed by piles driven in groups of sixteen bound together by chains. The clumps were connected one to the other by a system of boom logs and ropes to interpose a continuous barrier. The pile driver placed the clumps, while the tug attended to the connecting defenses.

"Now, boys," said Orde as his last word, "if she starts to go save yourselves the best way you can. Never mind the driver. Stay on top."

Slowly the tug and her consort nosed up through the boiling water.

"Work fast!" Orde called to the men on the pile driver. "If we can close the opening before those Redding logs hit us we may be able to turn them into our new channel."

He did not add that if the opening were not closed before the jam broke, as break it would in a very few moments, the probabilities were that both pile driver and tug would be destroyed. Every man knew that already.

Tom North ordered a pile placed in the carriage. The hammer descended. The work went forward as rapidly as possible. Four times the jam shrugged and settled, but four times it paused on the brink of discharge. Three of the clumps had been placed and bound, and fifteen piles of the last clump had been driven.

"One more pile!" breathed Orde.

The hammer ran smoothly to the top and fell. A half dozen times more it ripped. Then heavy chains were thrown around the winch, and the steam power began to draw the clumps together.

"Done!" cried Tom North.

North unmoored, and the driver dropped back with the current. The tug churned forward to accomplish the last duty of binding the defenses together by means of chains and cables. Two men legged to the floating booms. Orde and the Rough Red set about the task. They worked from either end toward the middle. When they met Orde ordered Red aboard the tug.

"I'll tie this one, Jimmy," said he.

Aboard the tug all was tense preparation. In the engine room Harvey, his hand on the throttle, stood ready to throw her wide open at the signal. Armed with sharp axes, two men prepared to cut the mooring lines on a sign from the Rough Red. They watched his upraised hand. When it should descend their axes must fall.

Orde, folded a knot. Upstream the jam settled deliberately forward, cutting a clump of piles like straw.

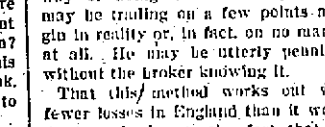
"She's coming!" cried the Rough Red.

"Give me every second you can," said Orde, making the last turns.

The mass toppled slowly, fell into the swift current and leaped with a roar.

"Jump!" the Rough Red cried, and his arm descended.

Orde leaped blindly for the rail, where he was seized and dragged aboard by the Rough Red. The axes fell; Marsh whirled over the wheel; Harvey threw open his throttle. The tug sprang from its leash like a hound. And behind the barrier the logs, tossing and tumbling, the white spray flying before their onslaught, beat in vain against the barrier, like raging wild beasts whose prey has escaped.



[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and, nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, says Moody's Magazine, it is probable has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the differences, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business deportment of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds, and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

Wonderful Cactuses.

The largest cactuses in the world are those to be found in parts of Mexico. The curious bristling plants common in greenhouses and even in botanical collections give but a poor idea of the size and beauty of this variety. It is common, for example, to find a single plant growing to a height of eight or ten feet which will weigh several hundred pounds. The cactuses grow in a bewildering variety of forms and colors. Their blossoms are correspondingly large and varied.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own.—Terence.

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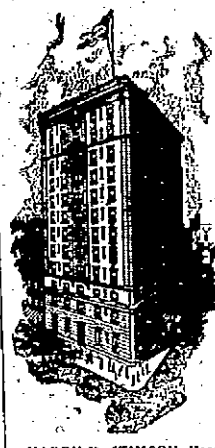
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, February 26, 1910.

Next Tuesday will be the first day of March. Will it come in like a lion or a lamb?

Extensive improvements will be made to a number of the large summer cottages here during the spring, and it is expected that a number of houses that have not been occupied for several seasons will be open during the summer.

The depression in the market for cotton goods is the reason given for the decision to curtail the running time to a 5-day schedule weekly at many of the Fall River mills. Whether or not the Borden mills will adopt the same plan is not known.

Spring is coming! The base ball teams of the big leagues are having hard practice in the South. Incidentally they have thus far found the weather rather wintry even in Texas and other Southern States. But they surely indicate the coming of Spring.

Nantucket, that banished the automobile, has recalled Rum from banishment. It's to be a wet island again when the flowers bloom in the spring. At last year's town meeting the yeas were 165 and the nays were 357. At this year's town meeting (Monday) the yeas were 296 and the nays were 380.

Many of the Massachusetts cities are now working under new charters, some of them approaching the town meeting system and others getting as far away from it as possible by adopting the commission form. How long some of these charters will last is problematical, but it is safe to say that no charter can produce better municipal government than the people are willing to support.

The esteemed "Springfield Republican" is disturbed because President Taft has commuted the sentence of an army officer whose offence consisted in being drunk. If every official in Washington who was found to have committed this offence were fired from his position, says the Hartford Courant, there would be a good deal more solution in office than there is at present.

The New York health authorities have freed "Typhoid Mary" after keeping her under restraint for several years. It is claimed that she is a living receptacle for typhoid germs and has transmitted them to others in her profession as a cook. The case has puzzled physicians all over the United States. Attached to her release is a stipulation that she shall not again engage as a cook.

The street car strike in Philadelphia has been one of the most destructive that has been known in many years. In spite of the rioting and disorder that has prevailed there there have been few serious injuries. The strikers seem to have the local police beaten and the Mayor was forced to call for the State constabulary which has had a large experience in handling mobs. The people of Philadelphia wisely said that the first thing to be done was to restore order and to discuss the rights of the matter afterward.

The police of Providence are to be congratulated upon their capture of the highwayman who has terrorized the community and who is supposed to have had a hand in at least one brutal and uncalled for murder. It is a pity, however, that he could not have been put behind the bars before he ended the life of a peaceful business man. He had already committed crimes enough to secure his conviction if he could have been caught. If convicted he will undoubtedly be landed at Cranston for a long term of years, probably for life.

Many persons suppose that a man cannot be put to death in Rhode Island for the crime of murder, but there still remains on the statute books this penalty under certain conditions. If a prisoner already serving a life sentence for murder kills another the law provides that he may be sentenced to death. This clause has never been invoked, however, and there has not been an execution in this State since the early forties. The recent atrocious murders in Providence County have given rise to a movement to restore the death penalty for murder, and a bill to that effect has been introduced in the Legislature.

Governor Hughes declared at the great meeting in New York Saturday night that President Taft would be renominated and re-elected. This was a very graceful pronouncement and will strengthen both men before the country. But the prophecy was not a difficult one to make. If we are not mistaken, the Republican party has never but once in all its existence failed to renominate a President whom it had once elected. That was in General R. B. Hayes' case. Arthur was not elected as a President and when his term was out he was dropped—a course which cost him his life and lost the country a fine opportunity. Harrison was renominated, but was not re-elected, having alienated many followers through lack of the very qualities that are characteristic of Mr. Taft.

General Assembly.

Governor Pothier has announced the appointment of members of the commission to redistrict the State, and the appointments have been confirmed by the Senate as follows: Walter F. Angell of Providence, Frederick W. Easton of Pawtucket, Samuel E. Hudson of Woonsocket, Dionis E. Vincent of Warren, William L. Hodgman of Warwick, Whiting Metcalf of Richmond, Charles E. Gorman of Providence, and Nathan W. Littlefield of Pawtucket.

On Friday Mr. Angell sent his resignation from the commission and the Governor named Francello G. Jillson of Providence. The appointment was confirmed by the Senate on the same day under su pension of the rules.

The House has passed the amendment to the factory inspection bill requiring the educational qualification for work certificates for children, and also prohibiting the employment of children in a factory or store between 8 p. m. and 6 a. m. The House has passed in concurrence the act repealing the provision requiring the publication of State laws in newspapers.

On Tuesday, Washington's Birthday, Speaker Burchard delivered an interesting address on Washington before the two houses in grand committee.

Pleasure and Watchfulness.

It is generally agreed that the coming is to be the record season for automobiles. More machines than ever have been ordered, and already some of those who postponed their ordering are rushing around to see what can be done to insure them the privilege of whizzing through the country the coming summer. O, it will be simply great!

But there are still a few people who will remain distinguished among their neighbors by not owning such wagons. What is to be done with them? It is not expected that much will be done for them, because they are out of style and therefore out of the world. But what will be done with them? Must they not only recognize that they are "has beens," but must they also "get off the earth?" If they are not watchful, of course there is constant danger of their being whisked off the earth at an unexpected moment, but still they do not want to be pushed off. It is bad enough to be run over, but most of us have a preference as to the vehicle which runs over us. If this new army of motorists will enjoy themselves and remember us at one and the same time, there will be no complaint. We are all glad to see them whizzing along. But at the corners and the crossings please to keep your eyes wide open and your hook a-hooking.—Westerly Sun.

Profit from Pests.

"It is always a gratifying econ mic development when through science, experience or even accident those things which hitherto have been regarded as objectionable or injurious are made valuable," says the Boston Transcript. "The Australians are now feeding their surplus of rabbits in cold storage to stock the game larders of Europe. The mulva plant, long the scourge of Cuban planters, has been found to be susceptible of conversion into an excellent quality of jute. Those midnight marauders, the skunks, are being domesticated for their fur, which ranks high among the cheaper grades. The enterprise has passed beyond a joke, and the number engaged in it would indicate that it was profitable. Still, there are objections to it, and these are much less acute in the case of muskrat farming, some points of which are related by a Vermont man in the New England Homestead as his own experience. Some years ago he dammed a small brook on his farm for the purpose of making a trout pond. The muskrats, however, speedily took possession of it and made it their home, from which they organized forays into the farmer's cornfield. This suggested a way of getting even. The next year he enlarged his dam, making a shallow pond covering four acres of marsh land of no use for crops. The rats appreciated the enlarged accommodations and also the marginal corn crop which he planted for their sustenance, and did not suspect the wire trap set for them when the water should be drawn off.

"After a couple of seasons he considered the quarry sufficiently mature to test results. The water was drawn off and the game was caught in the netting. A hundred of the largest and darkest of the captives were returned to the pond for breeding purposes, while more than 400 were put under tribute of their pelts. The result was more than enough to pay for the construction and labor, and he expects a much larger return of better fur next year. Hundreds of New England farms have brook-fed marshes that could be utilized to equal advantage.

"The fur market is a rising one; more in proportion perhaps for cheap furs than for the more expensive. The trolley and automobile have increased the demand enormously. The people who buy rich furs are constantly becoming more numerous, and they have their imitators among the many who can afford only the lower grades. But muskrat farming would be a good occupation for the farmers' boys. That part of the business and its profits, which would interfere but slightly if at all with the main service, might be left to them. Then, perhaps, not so many would improve the first opportunity to escape to the cities."

Before long the residents of the earth will be watching the progress of Halley's comet with interest. It will be brightest in May.

Seemed Longer.

"On our wedding day ten years ago," began Flatley, "I——"

"Why, John," interupted his wife, "we have only been married three years."

"Well," he replied, "it seems like ten to me."—Chicago News.

Gertrude—Did that Mrs. Sportleigh bring her riding habit?

Kathryn—No, but she brought all the others.

(From the Marine Journal, February 19, 1910.)

Quarter of a Billion Dollars.

Recommended in the River and Harbor Committee and Passed by the House for the Mississippi River.

The River and Harbor bill passed by the House carries an appropriation of $42,855,276 to be applied to the improvement of waterways throughout the country, and besides this contains an appropriation that will astound the taxpayers of the nation when they fully realize that this bill if it should become a law, will commit the government to an expenditure of $264,000,000 at the rate of $3,000,000 a year for the improvement of the Mississippi River as per the statement of the chairman of the House committee. When considered that the influences that brought about this contemplated colossal draft on the U. S. Treasury were inspired by the middle West and the South, whose representatives have defeated the Ocean Mail bill for years, providing a paltry $3,000,000 appropriation, it will doubtless give the average citizen a slight chill, while its inconsistency in comparison with the diminutive appropriations for marine improvements uncompleted is unparalleled.

Point Judith Harbor of Refuge for instance is but two-thirds completed, for the benefit, as is well known, of the storm-tossed mariner, whose petitions for its completion were before this committee, but were passed over by it with a paltry $10,000 appropriation that will not provide it proper lighting and upkeep in its present unfinished condition. The Marine Journal will in the near future state some unpleasant facts in connection with the neglect for years of this human project, intended to furnish a safe haven for storm threatened vessels and especially those of the smaller class that are obliged to make a harbor through being unable to withstand a winter's gale offshore.

A $264,000,000 appropriation for what? To dredge and straighten the Mississippi River, to furnish cargoes from the middle West for transportion from Gulf ports to Europe, and this while the nation is staggering under the gradual increase in the cost of the construction of the Panama Canal to the $500,000,000 mark. The Marine Journal has for over thirty years been a consistent advocate and believer in river and harbor improvement, but it appears to us that we have expended money enough in improving them for the benefit of foreign shipping until Congress passes a bill that will enable the establishment of American lines from our southern as well as northern ports to foreign ports, whereby the products of the soil will find their way abroad in American ships.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 26, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 23 to 27, warm wave 22 to 26, cool wave 25 to March 1. This was expected to be the radical disturbance of Feb. made up of a warm wave, a cold wave, heavy precipitation with snows and blizzards north and from warm rains to sleet south.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, Atlantic sections 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific about March 2, great central valleys 4, Atlantic sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 5, great central valleys 7, Atlantic sections 9.

This disturbance will be preceded by unusually cold and stormy weather, will cause a great rise in temperatures with rains and snows according to latitude, turning to dry, clearing and warm weather, and then another plunge downward in temperatures.

But this cold wave following the disturbance will not be so severe as the one preceding and precipitation will be very much less.

A minor storm wave will cross continent Feb. 27 to March 3, but it will be of no great importance and is not to be classed with the regular disturbances. Another minor disturbance will cross continent March 8 to 12. It will cause more threatening weather than the preceding minor disturbance.

The worst severe weather of the Month will occur near March 1, and 12 to 17, and 30 to April 1. Crop weather of March is not promising. Not much precipitation during the month and unusually cold seem to be the conditions and these do not contain much encouragement. But winter grains have continued in such good condition that they will probably arrive at close of March in better condition than the average of past years.

I have published monthly weather charts for March for six sections of the continent. The northwest sections, which includes Manitoba, the Upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys, indicates colder and dryer than usual; north Pacific slope warmer and wetter than usual; Lake section, north of the Ohio, cold and dry; northeast cold and dry; Southwest, including Texas and Missouri, cold and dry; Washington, including Virginia and Maryland, cold and dry with a great warm wave near March 16.

The details of these six sectional charts are of considerable interest and I will try to get those for April ready for the press. To secure these charts my readers must subscribe for the papers that publish them and the address of such papers can be secured from Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

The great comet is expected to come into view about April 18 and will be seen soon after sunset in the northwestern sky. I do not believe it will affect the weather, but the gases of its tail may affect health.

Potato War.

"The American potato exporters are making a determined effort to oust the New Brunswick product from the important Cuban market," says C. W. Duggan, a potato shipper of New Brunswick. "Up to a week or so ago New Brunswick exporters were doing a good business in Cuba, but recently considerable shipments from the States have invaded the market, and as the American article is favored by a preferential tariff of 20 per cent, the outlook for New Brunswick potatoes is not so promising."

In every country except Cuba there was a surplus of potatoes last fall, and in the United States, which could supply the Cuban market 10 times over, potatoes are selling in places for 60 cents a bushel.

The greatest competitor New Brunswick has is the State of Maine. The province ships hundreds of thousands of bushels of potatoes to Bermuda and the West Indies annually, but the invasion of the Cuban market was attempted only recently. In this move the shippers were aided by the New Brunswick government and an augmented steamship service.

Washington Matters.

Much Activity in Congress the Past Week—Many Important Bills Under Way, Many of Which Will Doubtless be Passed—A Federal License Bill for Automobiles Under Consideration—Notes.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25, 1910.

The week just passed has been one of considerable activity in Congress. Much legislative work has been considered in committee and there has been considerable debate in both the House and the Senate. No important bills have as yet been passed, but they are now in a formative stage and are being carefully considered and some of them will doubtless be passed. Perhaps the most important is the postal bank bill, which in spite of opposition from Senators Bailey of Texas and Davis of Arkansas and other Senators, it is now understood will become a law before the end of the session. It has been President Taft's policy to hold personal interviews with leaders in Congress and at one of these the postal savings bank bill has been discussed at the White House. The result of the discussion has been the devising of other means to meet the ends for which Senator Root's amendment was intended. This amendment had to be abandoned on account of real or imagined objections. Senators Aldrich, Penrose, Crane and Cutler, who have active charge of this bill, have all had conferences with the President. Senator Bailey of Texas will oppose the bill on Constitutional grounds, others will make speeches against it, but it is expected that toward the close of the next week a vote will be had and it is said that the bill will be passed.

Another important bill under consideration relates to a federal license for automobiles. It was stated by Representatives of the American Automobile Association, now in session in Washington, that there are at the present time 460,000 of these vehicles in Washington, that there are orders booked with the various manufacturing and sales companies for 250,000 more. This means that there will be 700,000 motor vehicles travelling throughout the country and across state lines before the end of the year. The different states have different laws and regulations with reference to automobiles and the users of the machines who wish to go from one end of the country to the other find it quite embarrassing to get a new license at every crossing of state lines, to say nothing of knowing or remembering the diverse laws and regulations of the different states with reference to speed and other road conditions and restrictions. A license from the general government with registration at the Agricultural Department, or the department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, will make it necessary to have only one placard number on the card, and as it will be seen, a $5 license fee for every car will raise a considerable sum; $3,500,000 can be devoted to building good roads.

The committee to investigate the increased cost of living has at last been appointed in the Senate by the Vice President of the United States. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts is chairman. Senators Gallinger, Simmons, Smoot, and McCumber are members of the committee. It will be remembered that there was a dispute a week or two ago between Senator Elkins of West Virginia and Lodge of Massachusetts with reference to leadership in the investigation. Remembering this, Vice President Sherman announced that in accordance with custom, he had offered the chairmanship to Senator Elkins, the author of the resolution under which the inquiry is to be conducted, but that Senator Elkins, having charge of the Interstate Commerce bill would be unable to serve as chairman of this committee.

It had been expected that open hearings would be held by the committee, but Chairman Lodge, it is understood, does not favor this plan and is of opinion that better work can be done by calling in experts from the various executive departments who are supposed to have special knowledge of the many subjects to be probed. Senator Lodge has promised that the investigation will be thorough and cover fully the wide scope provided for the resolution. He said also that if the tariff is responsible for the increased cost of the necessaries of life, the committee would bring out all the facts. Those who pay the market bills doubtless want to know the facts, but would have more faith in the investigation if Senator Cummins of Iowa, or La Follette and other insurgent Senators had been appointed on the committee. The names on the committee as appointed does not inspire fullest confidence that the question of high prices will be probed to the bottom.

ACCUSED OF TWO MURDERS

Providence Police Say They Have Ample Evidence Against Trent.

Providence, Feb. 24.—Every precaution against his escape was taken by the police when they brought William Trent, alleged murderer and highwayman, before the sixth district court, where he pleaded not guilty to the charges against him.

Joseph B. Dixon, a sailor from Boston, pleaded guilty of being an accomplice to one of the hold-ups charged against Trent and was held without bail for the next session of the grand jury.

When the case comes before the grand jury the police say that the murder of William F. Meagher of Pawtucket and the murder of Louis Mover, a junk dealer, will be charged against Trent. They believe they have evidence enough to convict him.

TO MAKE THIRD RUN

Vahey Announces That He Is a Candidate For Governor

Boston, Feb. 23.—James H. Vahey is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor for the third time. He announces his intention of again becoming a candidate for the nomination in an interview with The Post.

"I shall be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor this year," said he, "and will be in the fight to a finish unless some other Democrat whom I believe more available is in the contest."

Hogs and Fowl Away Up

Chicago, Feb. 25.—Live hogs sold at $9.67½ a hundred weight at the stock yards Thursday. Live fowl in the southwest market also establishes a high price record, spring chickens selling at 17 cents and fowl at 17½.

MRS. AUREL BATONYI

Society Woman Whose Suit Resulted Successfully.



FREED FROM BATONYI

Daughter of Millionaire Work May Assume the Name of Roche

New York, Feb. 2'.—What is presumably the last chapter in the tangled marital difficulties of Mrs. Frances Burke-Roche-Batonyi was written by Justice McCall when he signed the final decree of divorce separating the society matron from Aurel Batonyi, the noted whip.

Mrs. Burke-Roche-Batonyi is permitted to assume her last name, the Batonyi portion thereby being dropped, if she should so desire. Batonyi is forbidden to remarry.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is the daughter of the millionaire horseman and banker, Frank Work, and married Batonyi in 1905. She sued for a divorce, charging her husband with improper conduct, and a jury a few months ago found in the wife's favor.

Negroes to Open Hosiery Mill

Durham, N. C., Feb. 24.—Within the next few weeks a hosiery mill, built by negro labor, with negro capital, to be operated entirely by negro skill, will open business here with a capitalization of $50,000.

Quakes In England Cause Panic

Liverpool, Feb. 22.—Earthquakes shook the entire Bramhall district of Cheshire, causing widespread panic. They came in groups of twelve vibrations, lasting two minutes.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

FEBRUARY 1910 — STANDARD TIME

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
26	Sat	6 40	5 47	8 20	9 10	9 35
27	Sun	6 39	5 48	9 20	9 48	10 11
28	Mon	6 38	5 49	10 20	10 27	10 50
1	Tues	6 36	5 50	11 20	11 05	11 33
2	Wed	6 35	5 51	mo'n	11 47	
3	Thurs	6 33	5 52	0 21	12 16	12 48
4	Fri	6 31	5 54	1 24	1 03	1 37

Last Quarter, 4d day, 2h. 52m., morning.
New Moon, 11d day, 7h. 19m., morning.
First Quarter 17d day, 10h. 37m., evening.
Full Moon 25d day, 8h. 21m., evening.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

192 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1857.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., Alexander Barney, aged 80 years.

In this city, 20th inst., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Daniel P. Murphy, 612 Thames street, Mary Dynan.

In this city, 20th inst., at her residence, 82 William street, Mary F., wife of Levi Jackson.

In this city, 23d inst., Leann, widow of Capt. Tennant D. Pike, in her 81st year.

In this city, 25th inst., at his late residence, 51 Lee avenue, John O'Neill, in his 54th year.

In Middletown, 17th inst., Maria Rose, widow of William Honeywell, in her 85th year.

In Portsmouth, 20th inst., Annie M., widow of Edward Ruggles, in her 71st year.

In Cambridge, Mass., 18th inst., Thomas W. Watson, grandson of the late Mrs. Ann M. Cooney, aged 36 years.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ABSCONDING BOOKKEEPER

Reponsible For Closing Doors of a Cambridge Bank

RESOURCES ARE WIPED OUT

Uncovering of Shortage of $144,000 Followed by Immediate Disappearance of Employe Who Had Been Making Lavish Expenditure of Money For Some Time Past—Last Heard From In Kansas City.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 24.—Acting on a warrant sworn out by National Bank Examiner Ellis H. Pepper, the police have begun a country-wide search for George W. Coleman, missing bookkeeper of the National City bank of Cambridge.

A shortage of $144,000 discovered in the accounts of the bank led to the closing of the bank. It is one of the oldest financial institutions in Cambridge.

The amount said to be missing is more than the combined capital and surplus of the bank by about $5000, making the bank obviously insolvent.

John L. Bates, former governor of Massachusetts, was appointed receiver of the bank by the comptroller of the currency.

It was learned that probable severe losses were first discovered last Friday, and uncovered in a conference between Comptroller of the Currency Murray and C. G. Bancroft, a bank director. A trust company of Cambridge was asked to liquidate the bank's assets and take over its liabilities. During an examination of the bank's accounts it was discovered that the deposits totalled more than had been published in the bank's statement. This proved that the books had been falsified.

Mr. Bancroft called on Coleman to report at the bank and help the officials go over the books. He failed to do so, and left Cambridge forthwith.

Coleman was last heard from at Kansas City, but since Monday there is no trace of him. He is 28 years old, unmarried and lived with his parents. He has automobiles and has made quite an impression on the social life of the city. His luxurious style of life on $12 a week was accounted for by the fact that his family has means.

That Coleman's name should figure in connection with a bank shortage may not be altogether a surprise for some of his acquaintances, for now that the charge has been made against him by the bank examiner, there are many who recollect a lavish expenditure of money on his part for some time past. There are reports which link his name with "joy rides" in automobiles; with diamond gifts to feminine friends and other pastimes which require considerable money.

Edwin Dresser is president of the bank. Frank L. Earl is cashier; E. A. Paul, teller. The directors are: E. Dresser, George W. Gale, Sumner Dresser, David A. Harber, George E. Richardson.

The bank was incorporated in 1853; charter re-extended in 1905. It is capitalized at $100,000.

The deposits of the bank, which at one time were as high as $600,000, have shown a steady decrease in recent years. In 1908 they totalled $325,000, but have dwindled to $127,432. The stock of the bank likewise has shown heavy declines.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 25.—George W. Coleman, the $12 per week bookkeeper who stole $144,0000 from the National City bank of Cambridge and disappeared when discovery impended, will, according to the Cambridge police, give himself into custody today.

"We know where Coleman is and he will be in our charge inside of twenty-four hours," said Captain Hurley, head of the Cambridge detective bureau, last night. "The young man is not in Boston, but he is not a great distance away."

Taught One Class Sixty-Three Years

Winsted, Conn., Feb. 23.—In point of service Miss Mary P. Hinsdale of this city is believed to be the oldest Sunday school teacher in the country. She has just resigned in the Second Congregational church, where she had taught a class for sixty-three years.

Twenty Percent Increase Demanded

New York, Feb. 25.—Demands for increased pay have been presented by the engineers, firemen and telegraphers of the Delaware and Hudson company. The demands range from 5 percent to 70 percent, but the average increase approximates 20 percent.

Milk Trust Heads Indicted

New York, Feb. 24.—Eight directors of the Consolidated Milk Exchange were indicted by the grand jury which has been investigating milk conditions in this city. The names of those indicted have not been made public.

BIT CONSTABLE'S ARM

Insane Negro Got Big Mouthful of Cork For His Pains

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 25.—For once Constable "Link" Jones was glad that one of his arms was made of cork, for when he attempted to arrest Frank Bivin, an insane negro, Bivin sank his teeth into the arm that was nearest him.

Surprised bystanders could not understand why Jones did not mind the attack until the negro, almost choked, began to spit out a mouthful of cork fragments.

The negro had caused a terrific uproar for several hours in the neighborhood, trying to collect rents that he imagined were due him.

SWINGS OVER TO COALITION

King Edward Favors Curtailing Power of the Lords

SPEECH OBSCURELY WORDED

Expression "In the Opinion of My Advisers" the Subject of Keen Analysis—Considered as Disclaiming Responsibility For Views Expressed In Government's Behalf—Session Limited to Lord's Veto and Budget

London, Feb. 22.—King Edward VII opened the third parliament of his reign with all the pomp and pageantry of a medieval show.

In a momentous speech from the throne the king outlined the plan of the ministerial campaign against the house of lords as follows:

"Recent experience has disclosed serious difficulties due to recurring differences of strong opinion between the two branches of the legislature. Proposals will be laid before you with all convenient speed, to define the relations between the houses of parliament so as to secure the undivided authority of the house of commons over finance and its predominance in legislation. These measures, in the opinion of my advisers, should provide that this house should be so constituted and empowered as to exercise impartially, in regard to proposed legislation, the functions of initiation, revision and subject to proper safeguards of delay."

The king's speech proved to be unusually brief and made plain that the work of the session would be confined to the matter of finance and the question of the house of lords. The financial estimates for the coming year were next set forth. "These," he said, "have been framed with the utmost desire for economy, but the requirements for the naval defense of the empire made it necessary to propose a substantial increase in the cost of my navy."

Regarding the fact that the expenditures authorized by the last parliament were being incurred and met by a recourse to temporary borrowing, the speech declared: "Arrangements must be made at the earliest possible moment to deal with the financial situation thus created." This was taken as confirmation of Premier Asquith's avowed determination to regularize the present conduct of financial affairs before attacking the house of lords. The most important pronouncement was reserved for the end of the speech, which closed with the paragraph upon the relations between the two houses as given above.

The reading of the speech occupied only four minutes, and at its close the session was suspended for two hours. During the intermission the speech was the subject of keen analysis in the lobbies of both houses. It was regarded as evident that the cabinet had decided against the extremists who desire the abolition of the upper chamber, and are anxious only to deprive the house of lords of the power of veto.

The paragraph of the speech referring to the house of lords is, however, admitted to have been obscurely worded and parliamentarians are awaiting with great interest Asquith's interpretation. The rather modern expression "In the opinion of my advisers," which the king seemed to emphasize especially, is a novelty in a speech from the throne.

The expression "In the opinion of my advisers" is accepted as having been inserted in the speech by the king with the palpable object of disassociating him from the views expressed on behalf of the government. This deduction has added piquancy to the situation.

The first business to be transacted in the house of commons was the adoption, without revision, of a motion prohibiting peers from participating in elections.

TILLMAN STILL GAINING

That He Is Approaching Recovery Is the Belief of His Family

Washington, Feb. 23.—The improvement in the condition of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina continues and his family believes he is gradually approaching recovery.

His mind is alert and he is able to talk to some extent.

Nothing Wrong With Cruisers

San Francisco, Feb. 24.—Because of repeated rumors of the unseaworthiness of the cruisers West Virginia and Maryland, Rear Admiral Barry sent his flag officer ashore with a statement denying that there is anything seriously wrong with the cruisers.

WANT HIGHER WAGES

Connecticut Valley Trolleymen May Soon Precipitate a Big Strike

Springfield, Mass., Feb. 25.—Nearly 5000 employes of trolley lines in the Connecticut valley will shortly present a demand for an advance of 50 cents a day.

The demand will probably be made the middle of March, and if the increase is not granted, present indications point to a general strike and tie-up of all the street railway lines throughout the valley and at all central and western Massachusetts points except Holyoke and places north of that city.

The trolleymen are getting a maximum of $2.50 per day and want a flat scale of $3 per day.

ASHES AS LOVE RECEIPT

Man Who Would Aid the Lovesick Falls Into Clutches of Police

Boston, Feb. 24.—A Polish recipe for love which failed to produce the desired results was responsible for the arrest of Joseph Kowalevsky on a charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud. For 25 cents a world-old secret would be disclosed to the lovelorn, according to an advertisement in a Polish paper which was traced to Kowalevsky by the postoffice inspectors.

The recipe, which was represented as infallible for producing love, read as follows, according to a free translation from the Polish:

"Write the names of Adam and Eve on the leaves of a tree, then write your name and the name of the person whose love you seek on another leaf. Burn the leaves and then get the person to eat the ashes by mixing them in his or her food. Unless the person eats the ashes the charm is broken."

RIVAL OF NEW HAVEN ROAD

Grand Trunk Expected to Get Permission to Enter Providence

Providence, Feb. 24.—A favorable report on the petition of the Grand Trunk railroad for permission to enter Providence will be made, it is expected, by the committee of the city council, which has had the matter under consideration.

The committee, after listening to a statement made by E. H. Fitzhugh of Montreal, vice president of the Grand Trunk railroad, voted to request the mayor to call a special meeting of the city council for Saturday. It will take action on the report of the committee in charge of the railroad's petition.

Fitzhugh spoke before the committee at a private hearing. Members of the committee later expressed themselves as well satisfied with the railroad's proposition as explained by him.

WITH THERMOMETER CLOSE TO ZERO MARK

Pair of Elks Keep Men Captive In Tree a Whole Day

Lenox, Mass., Feb. 25.—Elmer and Frank Parsons and Oscar Hutchinson of Lenox, who were sent to October mountain by Harry P. Whitney to hunt for the dogs which killed Whitney's five deer this week, were Whitney's five deer on his game preserve, were chased up a tree yesterday morning by two stag elks and held captive all day.

The thermometer was close to zero and at 6 o'clock the animals were still on guard, so that the pursued did not dare to leave the tree.

Frank M. Chapel, a game keeper, who went to the rescue, was also chased up a tree yesterday afternoon.

The elks are worth $1000 each, and the hunters were under orders not to shoot them. The elks tired of their vigil last night and left the tree.

MADRIZ ON THE RUN

Joy In Bluefields Over Report That Rebels Will Soon Take Capital

Bluefields, Nic., Feb. 25.—Bluefields had a paroxysm of delight when advices were received reporting that President Madriz had quit the capital and fled to Leon and that General Chamorro and General Estrada were but a few hours apart and in constant communication near Tipatapa.

When the latest news was received a band paraded the streets and serenaded United States Consul Moffat in front of his residence. The Estrada men hugged each other and laughed hysterically. As usual the cooler heads, who had often been misled, demanded further confirmation of the optimistic reports concerning recent developments.

FACETIOUS OHIO FARMERS

Want Half the Dogs Made Into Sausage and Higher Tax on Others

Findlay, O., Feb. 24.—The Mount Cory Farmers' institute adopted this resolution:

"Owing to the high price of meats and the increase in sheep claims, we recommend that one-half of the dogs in Ohio be made into bologna and the tax on the others be increased from $1 to $2, and the tax on the dogs' sisters be raised from $2 to $4."

Long Strike Officially Ended

Barre, Vt., Feb. 22.—The strike that for three months has rendered idle more than 5000 granite workers ended officially when a statement to the effect that the men will return to work Wednesday was issued at the local headquarters of the International Granite Cutters' union.

Wireless Bill In Congress

Washington, Feb. 25.—Representative O'Connell introduced a bill requiring that all government vessels which "go out of sight of land" be equipped with wireless apparatus. He was prompted by the loss of the naval tug Nina to promote this legislation.

Leprosy From False Hair

St. Louis, Feb. 23.—The board of health has learned that there are two girls in the city suffering from leprosy caused by the wearing of "rats" made of Asiatic hair. An investigation into the sale of such goods has been ordered.

War on Chicago Noises

Chicago, Feb. 25.—A movement to make Chicago a "noiseless city" came one step nearer realization when Chief of Police Steward issued an order for the rigid enforcement of the city's "anti-shouting" ordinance. This means that pedlers must not call out their wares.

THE FENCIBLES.

Members of Military Company That Mob Slugged.



GUARDED BY STATE POLICE

Surface Cars Operated Till Midnight In Philadelphia

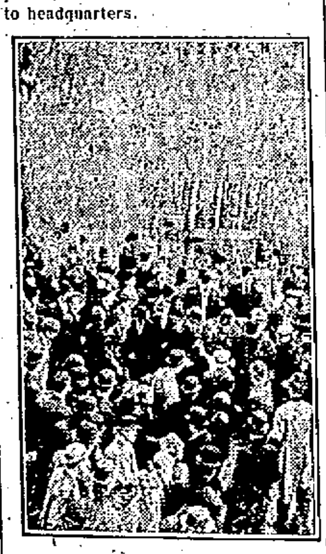
NO SERIOUS DISTURBANCES

Four Hundred New Men Hired by Rapid Transit Company—Its Officials Silent Regarding Request of Large Number of Religious Bodies to Submit Strikers' Grievances to Arbitration—General Strike Deferred

Philadelphia, Feb. 25.—Surface cars were operated on the principal streets of the city last night until midnight for the first time since the beginning of the present strike against the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company.

Since the strike began last Saturday all cars have been withdrawn from service at dusk daily, but last night, guarded by members of the state police, the cars continued to run, even through the turbulent mill districts of Kensington and Frankford.

Although the transit company officials reported last night that eighty-four cars had been stoned during the day, no disturbance was permitted to attain serious proportions. All outbreaks were quickly quelled by the police, and not a riot call was sent to headquarters.



MOB BURNING STREET CAR.

During the day, according to the company's figures, 714 cars were in operation, and sixty-six of these continued to run until midnight. Increased service is promised by the company, which announces that 400 new men, many of whom were formerly in the employ of the company, have been hired and will take out cars today.

President Kruger and other officials of the rapid transit company refused to comment on the request received from the committee of representative churchmen that the grievances of the strikers be submitted to a board of arbitration. An acknowledgement of the receipt of the letter was forwarded to the clergymen, with the statement that it would be referred to the board of directors of the company. The next regular meeting of that body will be held a week from next Monday and officials of the company say the question of calling a special meeting has not been discussed.

This proposal for arbitration, which was made by representatives of twenty-six distinct religious denominations, including the leading clergymen in the city, has been approved by the strikers.

A new and dangerous method of showing their antipathy to the transit company was adopted by crowds of boys in the uptown districts when soap was used on the rails.

Only one-third as many arrests were made by the police Thursday as were made Wednesday, when seventy-eight persons were taken into custody. Among those arrested was the son of a constable in the office of the committing magistrate. He is 20 years old, and confesses that he was a member of a band of youths who manufactured a quantity of explosive caps and then drew lots to see who should place them on the tracks. He drew the fateful straw and was arrested while placing the explosives on the tracks.

Plans for the proposed sympathetic strike have been deferred for the present. The striking car men at their meeting yesterday adopted a resolution requesting that the strike of other union men be held in abeyance.

Plans for crippling the service of the company by a strike of the power house was discussed at a meeting of the Stationary Engineers and Firemen's union last night. These men were in executive session until after midnight.

JILTED YOUTH'S POOR AIM

Results In His Being Shot In the Leg Instead of His Heart

West Kingston, R. I., Feb. 24.—When Tony Signarelli, a Peacedale youth, was jilted by a Westerly girl, he decided that life held no more interest for him. He was seated in a coach on a railroad train bound from New London for Providence when he finally determined to end it all. Pulling a revolver from his pocket he tried to shoot himself through the heart, but his hand trembled so that the weapon was lowered, and when he pulled the trigger the bullet went into his leg.

Before he could fire a second shot Deputy Sheriff Coon of Westerly, who was in the coach, knocked the revolver from the boy's hand. Signarelli was removed from the train here, and physicians who attended him said that his wound was not serious.

NELSON IS GIVEN TERRIFIC BEATING

Ad Wolgast Becomes the New Lightweight Champion

San Francisco, Feb. 23.—Adolph Wolgast of Milwaukee defeated Battling Nelson of Hegewich, Ills., for the lightweight championship of the world in the fortieth round of their scheduled forty-five-round fight at the Point Richmond arena.

Referee Smith stopped the one-sided contest to save the Dane the stigma of a knockout only after Nelson had received a beating such as old-time ring followers maintain never before was seen in the annals of boxing.

Game to the last, Nelson begged to be allowed to continue. His face battered to a pulp, his eyes closed, his lips puffed, covered with gore, he presented a pitiable spectacle. In the opposite corner of the arena the new champion was lifted to the shoulders of his trainers and cheered to the echo by 11,000 frenzied spectators.

Zelaya Accuses United States

Madrid, Feb. 22.—Ex-President Zelaya of Nicaragua has arrived here. He declares that it is his intention to prove documentarily that the revolution in Nicaragua was caused by the intrigues of the United States.

To Study Greenland Eskimos

Copenhagen, Feb. 24.—Knud Rasmussen, the explorer, sails in June for Greenland on an expedition which will last four years to make an ethnographic study of the Eskimos.

Egyptian Premier Dead

Cairo, Feb. 22.—Boutros Pacha Ghali, the Egyptian premier and minister of foreign affairs, who was shot by a student Sunday, died Monday.

CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

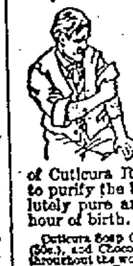
When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—Home Remedies and Professional Treatment were Equally Unsuccessful.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

SKINS ON FIRE

With Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas, Rashes



And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest and sweetest of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Cuticura Soap (25c.), Ointment (50c.), Resolvent (50c.), and Chocolate Coated Pills (25c.), are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, Natal, etc.; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 137 Columbus Ave., Boston. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

—OF THE—

Newport Trust Company,

At the close of business January 31, 1910.

ASSETS.

Stocks and Bonds	$745,417 57
Loans and Discounts	566,046 16
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	169,000 00
Due from National Banks and Trust Co.'s	86,204 29
Due from Treasurer U. S.	5,000 00
Cash	91,497 18
	$1,663,165 20

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$300,000 00
Surplus and Profits	123,975 05
Deposits	1,239,190 15
	$1,366,165 20

ANGUS McLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

Malta-Vita Corn Flakes

LARGE PACKAGE 5 CENTS.

American Club Canned Goods,

Nothing Better in the Market.

PEAS, TOMATOES, BEANS, BEETS.

S. S. THOMPSON,

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MILLINERY

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Goods

TO BE SOLD FAR BELOW COST.

Ladies will do well to call and see the bargains we are offering.

Choice Selection of Millinery.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch.
When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

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BLOCK ISLAND.

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Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, $1 up. Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

"Have you finished enumerating the things you won't do?" inquired Mrs. Housekeep.

The prospective cook admitted that she had.

"Then perhaps you'll specify the things you can't do. Then I can tell if we can get along together."

The prospective cook decided right there that they couldn't.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

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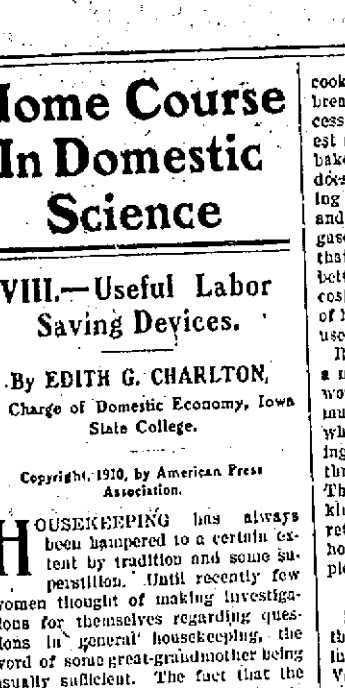
Home Course In Domestic Science

VIII.—Useful Labor Saving Devices.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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HOUSEKEEPING has always been hampered to a certain extent by tradition and some superstition. Until recently few women thought of making investigations for themselves regarding questions in general housekeeping, the word of some great-grandmother being usually sufficient. The fact that the grandmother had no opportunity to study the laws of nature as seen in the ordinary process of living did not disturb the average woman's faith in her opinion. But now a change is gradually moving across the country, and the up to date housekeeper is alive to anything which suggests improved and easier methods of work. She will investigate new plans and try practicable suggestions which seem to offer greater facility in her work. But there is yet in our midst the conservative housekeeper. She is slow to adopt new methods or to provide new and better equipment for her work.



HOMEMADE FIRELESS COOKER.

There may be and often is another reason besides conservatism which makes her hesitate to change her mode of work. It is because the men, who are generally the money earners, are often averse to spending any sum of money for house equipment. Not being familiar with the details of domestic work and having larger interests in their own business, they are very apt to think women can get along with almost anything or, rather, they think that housework can be accomplished with any sort of tools.

Occasionally a woman dislikes to ask for what she needs, or sometimes she will not accept modern inventions when they are offered to her, and now and then we find one who will not use them when they are actually in her possession. It is not always easy to tell just where the fault lies or what it is, but one thing is certain, there has been less advance in housekeeping during the last twenty-five years than has been made by any other industry. Agriculture, as it is carried on at present is no more like farming twenty-five years ago than truck gardening is like ranching. If the same interest had been taken in household affairs there might have been similar advancement in that most important of all industries.

There are numerous inventions on the market for making housework easier. Some of them are valuable, and others are worse than useless. Unless an implement after it has been given a fair trial is found to be a saver of both time, labor and energy it is not worth house room.

The Handy Fireless Cooker.

Among the most useful articles that have been brought into the kitchen within the last five years is the fireless cooker, or, as it was first named, the "hay box." The conception of the fireless cooker is a very old one, as some of the primitive races knew all about and practiced the art of cooking after this manner. But it was forgotten or neglected by civilized people until a few years back. Now the "hay box" has proved itself so useful as an economy of energy and fuel that it has come to stay. There are some handsome fireless cookers on the market that can be purchased for the moderate price of from $8 to $16, and so complete and perfect are they that freezing, steaming and roasting can be accomplished at the same time in the three separate compartments.

On several occasions I have frozen a mousse in one compartment, steamed corn bread in the second and cooked meat in the third at the same time and have had each dish "done to a turn" when it was needed for the table. With the additions of the hot soapstones that are included in some cookers meat may be roasted and bread, cake and pies baked most successfully without requiring the slightest attention after they are put in the baker. I know one housekeeper who does all her cooking, baking and roasting with the help of a fireless cooker and a fireless baker and a two burner gasoline stove. She has proved, too, that she accomplishes more work with better results at about one-half the cost of fuel and twice as much saving of her own time and labor as when she used a first class coal range.

Really the term "fireless cooker" is a misnomer, and a much better name would be "heat retainer," for there must first be heat enough to bring whatever is to be cooked to the boiling point, or until it has been heated throughout to at least 180 degrees. This can be accomplished over any kind of fire. Then the heat is simply retained by the cooker for several hours or until the cooking is completed.

The Homemade Cooker.

It is not necessary to buy a cooker, though one or more should be included in every up to date kitchen equipment. Very satisfactory ones have been made out of a wooden box or pail lined carefully with hay, wood, excelsior or paper, which is covered with outing flannel or asbestus, leaving a hole in the center to fit closely around the utensil in which the food is cooked. The principle involved in using the cooker is that the receptacle is made of and lined with some nonconducting material which holds the heat in the food until it is cooked. For this reason a wooden box, barrel or pail is used for the outside part. This is lined three or four inches thick with wool, paper, excelsior of in some cases with exhausted air. A space is left in the center which fits closely around the covered granite utensil in which food is cooked. A padded cover fits tight over the top of the cooker, thus allowing no chance for the outside air to enter or the heat to escape. The temperature the food material is when it is put into the cooker will be retained for several hours, and the fall in temperature is very gradual. The principle is the same for freezing as in cooking, a low temperature being retained the same as a high degree of heat.

In the baker two soapstones are heated for fifteen minutes directly over the fire, and then one is placed above and the other below the article to be baked.

Cooking Cereals in the "Fireless."

The fireless cooker is especially adapted for foods that require long, slow cooking, but is not intended for articles which require rapid boiling. It is particularly well suited for cereals of all kinds, because the principle underlying the cooking of all starchy foods is that it should be slow, thorough and prolonged. In a previous article the statement was made that the breakfast oatmeal may be cooked in the fireless cooker. The directions for doing this are as follows:

To two cupfuls of boiling water add one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in gradually one cupful of oatmeal. Let it boil directly over the fire for five minutes, then place in the cooker for eight hours or overnight. If the oatmeal is cold in the morning reheat over hot water.

Many persons are familiar with the construction of the fireless cooker, but are not quite sure how to use one. For such a few general rules may be helpful.

Some General Directions.

As there is no evaporation in the cooker, use less water with cereals of any kind.

While cooking the food over the fire leave the vessel uncovered. This will permit the gases formed in cooking to escape. This is particularly necessary in preparing chicken and other meats for the cooker.

If the granite utensil used in the cooker is too large for the amount of food, use a smaller vessel in which to cook the food and set it inside the larger utensil, surrounded by hot water. To insure perfect success there should be two vacant spaces in the cooker or utensil.

This method of cooking is splendid for chicken fricassee, stews of all kinds, pot roasts, soups and for any meat dish which requires slow cooking. If the piece of meat is large reheating it after it has been in the cooker four or five hours and then continuing the cooking four or five hours longer will give better results.

The length of time the food is to be cooked over the fire depends on the size and nature of the food. A ten pound ham should simmer, never boil, for about forty minutes and cook in the cooker for ten hours, with a second reheating after the first four hours.

The fireless cooker is not intended for fresh vegetables of any kind. These, as previously stated, require rapid cooking, which cannot be accomplished in it. If the potatoes are cooked in it they are sure to be heavy and more or less watery.

If meat is liked brown this should be done before or after being put into the cooker.

Practical Cooking Utensils.

The variety and kind of utensils to be used in the kitchen are always an interesting topic to all good housekeepers. There is only one point to emphasize in equipping a kitchen, and that is that the best material is none too good; also the extent of the equipment should be equal to the needs of the housekeeper.

I have been in many kitchens where the utensils were in such a wornout condition and so insufficient in kind and number that I was not surprised to hear the woman say she disliked to cook or that she was an unsuccessful cook.

Work for the Daughter.

In a New England weekly newspaper there appeared not long ago the following advertisement:

"A stone mason or his daughter may receive one quarter's music lessons in exchange for work on a cellar."—Youth's Companion.

What Wus Ye?

He was an old darky. He wore no overcoat and the icy wind twisted his threadbare clothes about his shriveled body.

"Wind," he demanded whimsically, "whar wuz you dis time las' July?"—Everybody's

Home Course In Domestic Science

IX.—Attractive Table Arrangements.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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NEXT in importance to the proper cooking of food is the way it is served and the order in which the table is laid. The attractive appearance of well cooked food appeals strongly to the appetite and prepares the digestive organs for their work. Probably every person has experienced the feeling of being suddenly hungry when some especially attractive viand has been displayed before him. Equally true is it that almost every one has known hunger to vanish at sight of a table laid with soiled linen and china and food carelessly arranged on serving dishes. The homely hash has not a musical name and generally calls up memories of unenjoyable meals, yet I have known a platter of it to win as sincere approval as has ever been bestowed on a porterhouse steak. True, the hash was served piping hot on a pretty platter. It was well browned, flanked perhaps with poached eggs and garnished with sprigs of parsley. Its flavor, too, was just as pleasing and tempting as its appearance. It may take a moment or two longer to garnish the dish of meat or vegetables, but it certainly pays for the trouble. Rather than neglect it I would suggest omitting one or two dishes from the menu. Referring to menus brings to mind the fact that in some homes, those in the country especially, there is a tendency to serve too many foods of the same kind at the same meal.

For instance, I have many times seen three kinds of cooked fruit, three or four kinds of vegetables and at least two kinds of pickles or desserts served at an ordinary dinner. This means unnecessary work, unnecessary expense and so much time spent in preparation that very likely there was none left for dainty serving. A knowledge of foods and food values should teach the housekeeper that one food of each of the above mentioned kinds is sufficient at one time for any family.

In many homes, too, it is the custom to put all the food on the table at once and have the various dishes passed from one person to the next without any attempt at serving. While I am at all times an advocate of simplicity, I do like to see the head of the house presiding at table, carving and serving the meat at least and his wife, at her end of the table, presiding over the coffee and serving those dishes which rightfully fall to her lot. It seems much more like true hospitality when this is done than when platters and vegetable dishes follow each other in quick succession around the table, each individual helping himself. The extra minutes which serving requires is the best thing in the world for the family, because it allows more time to masticate the food and for social conversation, that best of all sauces for the digestion.



SIMPLE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Setting the Table.

The keynote of good taste is simplicity, and nowhere is it displayed to better advantage than in laying a table for a meal, be that an everyday family affair or a formal gathering of special guests. It is not my intention to outline a set of rules for the hostess who plans to entertain on an elaborate scale. She probably will have the advice and assistance of the professional caterer. But my wish is to give a few of the important points to be observed in setting the ordinary table for the ordinary meal. And I want to preface what I shall say with the hope that all women who preside over homes or who have the training of young people in charge will see to it that no carelessness is permitted either in table manners or in the simple act of setting the table, because such things leave an indelible mark in after life. The table, which may be either round, square or oblong, as preferred, is to be first covered with a silence cloth, a pad of asbestus cloth or double faced canton flannel. The first is more expensive, but is better because of its protection to the table and because it does not become moist from hot dishes and stick to the table. Over the pad is laid the linen cloth, which should extend ten inches over the edge of the table on all sides. The fold in the center of the cloth should be exactly in the center of the table.

In arranging the places allow at least twenty inches space at the table for each person. The china, glass and silver set for each person make what is commonly known as a "cover." In placing the silver observe this order: Lay the silver on either side of the plate in the order in which it is to be used, beginning at the outside. Place the knives on the right side, handles about one inch from edge of table, sharp edge turned in. Lay all the forks, with the exception of the oyster fork, on the left hand side, tines up, handles on a line with the handles of the knives. The oyster fork is either placed on the right side outside the knives or slanting across the oyster plate, handle toward the right hand. The spoons are properly placed on the right side, the soup spoon outside the knives. The teaspoon at dinner is next the plates. For breakfast it may be outside the knife if it is to be used first. It is considered more correct for a formal dinner to have the silver brought to the table with each course after the salad has been served.

The table napkin is folded in a simple square and is placed on the left side at the lower edge of the plate. If bread and butter plates are used these are placed on the left, just above the napkin. The water glass is placed on the right side at the top of the knife. A pair of salt and pepper shakers is placed conveniently between each two persons, as a rule.

It is well to have some decoration on the table, even if it be nothing more than a simple potted plant or some sprays of wild flowers. A small pot of growing parsley in winter is better than no decoration. The centerpiece should be low and flat rather than high, for the latter obstructs the view of people sitting on opposite sides of the table. Dishes of celery, olives, pickles or confectionery may be on the table from the beginning of the meal and if so should be arranged near the center around the floral decoration.

If tea or coffee is to be served on the table the cups, saucers and service should be neatly arranged in front of the hostess.

Serving the Meal.

In many homes where there is only one maid to act as cook and waitress the serving must be as simple as possible. Very often, in fact, the housekeeper must herself act as both cook and waitress, and then the serving must be even more simple. But in any case try to avoid the too common habit of putting everything on the table at once and allowing each person to help himself.

When there are boys and girls in the family they should be taught to take turns in serving. In that case or when the housekeeper is alone the first course may be placed on the table before the meal is announced. If it is soup served from a tureen the hostess serves it from her end of the table, or the soup may be served in the kitchen and put at each place before the family is seated. The soup plates and tureen are removed before bringing in the next course. The meat platter is placed at the head of the table before the host, who should carve it and, putting a portion on each plate, pass it to the person sitting at his right. This person keeps it if specially requested to do so or passes it on down the table. The potatoes and other vegetables may be served by the host if the family is small or by some person sitting near him. The dinner dishes—that is, the plates on which the meat course was served—should be removed before bringing in the salad or dessert. If both are included in the menu the salad is generally served by the hostess. It is quite permissible, however, to have the salad arranged on individual plates in the kitchen and placed on the table at the beginning of dinner. Dessert should be served by the host while the hostess pours the tea or coffee. Pudding sauce and cream and sugar are passed. Bread and butter are usually on the table throughout the meal and are passed as needed. Celery and olives are passed with the soup and pickles with the meat course. Jelly is often passed with chicken, and apple sauce should accompany roast pork.

In some households the business of serving at table without a maid has been brought to a perfection which is worthy of emulation. In order that it may be absolutely devoid of awkwardness it is necessary for each member of the family to be well schooled in his or her part. It is nowadays the fashion in some households to dispense with the services of a maid, at least during the simpler meals of the day.

When there is a waitress she is expected to take the plate from the host or hostess and place it before the person for whom it was served. She must place all dishes at the right side and pass those from which the person helps himself at the left. All plates and dishes are removed from the right side. In clearing the table after each course all dishes used in serving it must be removed as well as the individual plate and silver. After the salad and before serving the dessert all dishes, bread, butter and relishes should be removed and the crumbs brushed up on crumb tray. Water glasses should be kept filled as required without removing them from the table.

With a little practice any meal can be served simply and correctly, and in a short time it will be found that its enjoyment has been greatly increased.

In buying china or silver remember that quality is of much more consequence than ornamentation, and in either the simpler designs and colorings are preferable. Plain white china of good quality is much more satisfying in the end than elaborate designs in pronounced colors. In nothing are artistic sense and feeling more strongly shown than in the appointments of the dining table.

Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mott—No; that is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Where the Poems Go.

"John, I must have a new gown."

"But that old gown of yours is a poem."

"It may be a poem, but it's about ready for the wastebasket now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE EARLY STAGE.

Boys In Female Parts and the First English Actress.

Not long since a critic, noticing the advent of a new Ophelia in London, observed that, while the actress acquitted herself very well, she could hardly be considered "Shakespeare's Ophelia," which was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as Shakespeare's Ophelia was a boy, either a chorister or a page in the service of one of the theater's patrons.

No English actress made her appearance before the restoration. On Jan. 3 Pepys records, "To the theater, where was acted the 'Beggar's Bush.' It being very well done, and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

But these, it is suspected, were mere "walking ladies." A few days later the diarist went to see a performance of "The Silent Woman." "Among other things here Kynaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes—first as a poor woman in ordinary clothes to please Morose, then in fine clothes as a gallant and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house." He had a year before declared that "Kynaston as Olympia made the loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life."

The distinction of being the first English actress has been variously ascribed to Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Knipp and Mrs. Davies. They all appeared the same year (1661). Mrs. Davies, together with the principal actresses in Sir William Davenant's company, being boarded in the manager's "own house."—London Strand Magazine.

A DOE'S STRATAGEM.

Threw the Dogs Off the Scent and Saved Her Fawn.

The following anecdote is related by M. X. Raspail. It is worthy of comparison with the most remarkable of instances of the same kind:

The author one day perceived a doe in full flight before two dogs in the Aigle woods that form a part of the forest of Chantilly. The doe was accompanied by a very young fawn, which appeared quite exhausted and ready to drop. The mother, doubtless well aware of this, slackened her pace and presently stopped close to some thick bramble bushes. She remained some time there with lowered head as if awaiting the onset of her pursuers.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and with a butt of the head she tossed her fawn right into the middle of the thicket. Then, first advancing gently as if to make sure it was well hidden, she soon set off by rapid bounds in front of the dogs. The latter barking close upon her heels, she made a sudden bend and thus drew them far from the spot where this incident occurred. The howling of the dogs became fainter and fainter, the valiant animal having doubtless led them two kilometers away into the Canardiere peat bogs, where the dogs often lose the scent.

In fact, later they were seen returning to the village in an exhausted condition, while the intelligent mother doubtless returned to the bushes to find the little fawn she had so cleverly hidden and placed in safety.—Vulgarisation Scientifique.

When Matches Were Introduced.

The Atlas, a London newspaper, published on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light:" "Among the different methods invented for obtaining light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees. He supplies the purchaser with prepared matches, which are put into boxes, but are not liable to change in the atmosphere, and also with a piece of fine glass paper folded in two. Even a strong blow will not inflame the matches, because of the softness of the wood underneath, or does rubbing upon wood of any common substance produce any effect except that of spoiling the match. But when one is pinched between the folds of the glass paper and suddenly drawn out it is instantly inflamed. Mr. Walker does not make them for extensive sale, but only to supply the small demand in his own neighborhood."

The Parthenon.

The destruction of that famous building the Parthenon took place in 1687 during the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The Turks held the city, and the Parthenon was used for a powder magazine. One day during the conflict a Venetian bombshell dropped into the building, and the explosion followed which badly shattered the structure. From that date the renowned building has stood roofless and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. For more than 2,000 years the temple stood entire, and in its ruins is the architectural wonder of the world.—New York American.

Peculiar Taxation In Holland.

Some of the most peculiar of taxations recorded are to be found in the archives of Holland. In 1701, for instance, there was in existence a tax imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland. In 1874 a duty of 2 shillings was levied on each person who entered a tavern before noon, on those who entered a place of entertainment, on marriages and deaths and on many other things. If a person was buried out of the district to which he belonged the tax was payable twice over.

The Usual Way.

"Do you keep servants?"

"No. We are like all other housekeepers in that respect. We hire servants, but do not succeed in keeping them."—Houston Post.

Test of His Love.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "what can I do to win your love. There is no danger that is too great, no task that I will not undertake, to make you mine."

"Get me the tail of Halley's comet to put on my hat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

BASHFUL STANLEY.

His Response to a Speech of Eulogy at a Banquet.

William H. Rideing tells in McClure's Magazine of a dinner of the Papyrus club in Boston at which Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, was the guest of honor:

"Whether he (Stanley) sat or stood, he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables—not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he—this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience. He squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and, with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

"It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

ISLAND COMES AND GOES.

Rises In August and Disappears Regularly In February.

One of Michigan's unsolved mysteries is the island that every summer comes to the surface of Lake Orion and every winter goes back again to the depths from whence it arose.

Its periods of appearance and disappearance are nearly regular. It comes to the surface about the middle of August and goes down again about Feb. 15. What causes it to act thus strangely is a conundrum that none has been able to solve, but to keep it above water, or compel it to remain in the depths have been alike without results.

On one occasion a number of farmers and teamsters resolved to put the island out of moving business. In their efforts to do so they hauled many loads of stone and deposited them on it during the early part of winter, believing that when it went down in February it would go down for good, weighted as it was with the stones. But the following August saw it bob up serenely from below—minus its load of stones.

At another time an effort was made to keep it on the surface, and it was chained to the surrounding country with heavy log chains. When its time for departure came it departed, and the log chains departed with it. The log chains were never recovered.

The island is composed of soft mud and rushes, and there are some skeptical souls who attribute its formation and appearance and disappearance to the gathering of vegetation in one spot by the currents of the lake and its subsequent decay.—Boston Herald.

"Window Leaves."

In South Africa Dr. R. Marloth discovered six species of plants possessing what are styled "window leaves." They are all stemless succulents, and the egg shaped leaves are imbedded in the ground, only the apexes remaining visible. This visible part of the leaves is flat or convex on the surface and colorless, so that the light can penetrate it and reach the interior of the leaf below, which is green on the inside. With the exception of the blunt apex, no part of the leaf is permeable to the light, being surrounded by the soil in which it is buried. The first of these plants discovered is a species of bulbine.—London Graphic.

The Manly Man.

"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure to wipe between the tines of the forks and that know just how much raising bread ought to have and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"—Youth's Companion.

A Costly Funeral.

The most costly state funeral which has ever taken place was perhaps that of Alexander the Great. A round million was spent in laying Alexander to his rest. The body was placed in a coffin of gold filled with costly aromatics, and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took eighty-four mules more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria.

The Main Thing.

Chief of Detectives—Now give us a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he? Business Man—I don't know how tall he was. What worries me is that he was $10,000 short.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities——" "Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Mare and the Motor

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THEM Todds had got on my nerves. 'Twas Peter's ad. that brought 'em down. You see, 'twas 'long toward the end of the season at the Old Home, and Brown had been advertising in the New York and Boston papers to "bag the leftovers," as he called it. Besides the reg'lar gush about the "breath of old ocean" and the "simple, cleanly living of the bygone days we dream about" there was some new froth concerning hunting and fishing. You'd think the wild geese roosted on the flagpole nights and the bluefish clogged up the bay so's you could walk on their backs fish without wetting your feet—that is, if you wore rubbers and trod light.

"There!" says Peter T., waving the advertisement and crowing gladsome. "They'll take to that like your temp'rance nuist to brandy cough drops. We'll have to put up barbed wire to keep 'em off."

"Humph!" grunts Cap'n Jonadab. "Anybody but a born fool 'll know there ain't any shooting down here this time of year."

Peter looked at him sorrowful. "Pop," says he, "did you ever hear that Solomon answered a summer hotel ad.? You set back and count the clock ticks."

Well, that's 'bout all we had to do. We got boarders enough from that ridiculous 'advertisement to fill every spare room we had, including Jonadab's and mine. Me and the cap'n had to bunk in the barn loft, but there was some satisfaction in that. It give us an excuse to get away from the "sports" in the smoking room.

The Todds was part of the haul. He was a little, dried up man, single and a minister. Nigh 's I could find out, he'd given up preaching by the request of the doctor and his last congregation. He had a notion that he was a mighty hunter afore the Lord, like Nimrod in the Bible, and he'd come to the Old Home to bag a few gross of geese and ducks.

His sister was an old maid and slim, neither of which failings was from choice, I cal'late. She wore eyeglasses and a veil to "preserve her complexion," and her idee seemed to be that native Cape Codders lived in trees and ate cocoanuts. She called 'em "barbarians," utter barbarians." Whenever she piped "James" her brother had to drop everything and report on deck. She was skipper of the Todd craft.

Them Todds was what Peter T. called "the limit and a chip or two over." The other would be gunners and fishermen were satisfied to slam shot after sandpeeps or hook a stray sculpin or a hake. But 'twa'n't so with brother James Todd and sister Clarissa. "Ducks" it was in the advertising, and nothing but ducks they wanted. Clarissa, she commenced to hint middling p'inted concerning fraud.

Finally we lost patience, and Peter T. he said they'd got to be quieted somehow or he'd do some shooting on his own hook; said too much Toddy was going to his head. Then I suggested taking 'em down the bench somewhere on the chance of seeing a stray coot or loon or something—anything that could be shot at. Jonadab and Peter agreed 'twas a good plan, and we matched to see who'd be guide. And I got stuck, of course. My luck again.

So the next morning we started, me and the Rev. James and Clarissa in the Greased Lightning, Peter's new motor launch. Clarissa set around doing the heavy contemptuous and turning up her nose at creation generally. It must have its drawbacks, this roosting so fur above the common flock.

Well, by and by Lonesome Huckleberries' shanty hove in sight, and I was glad to see it, although I had to answer a million questions about Lonesome and his history.

I told the Todds that, so fur as nationality was concerned, he was a little of everything, like a picked up dinner—principally Eyetalian and Portugee, I cal'late, with a streak of Gay Head Injun. He lives in the patchwork shanty on the beach down there, he is deaf and dumb, drives a liver colored, balky mare that no one but himself and his daughter Becky can handle, and he has a love for bad rum and a temper that's landed him in the Wellmouth lockup more than once or twice. He's one of the best gunners alongshore, and at this time he owned a flock of live decoys that he'd refused as high as $15 apiece for. I told all this and a lot more.

When we struck the beach Clarissa, she took her paint box and umbrella and mosquito 'intment and the rest of her cargo and went off by herself to "sketch."

James and me went perusing up and down that beach in the blazing sun looking for something to shoot. We went way beyond Lonesome's shanty, but there wa'n't nobody to home. Todd was a cheerful talker, but limited. His favorite remark was, "Oh, I say, my deah man!" That's what he kept calling me, "my deah man." Now, my name ain't exactly a Claude de Montmorency for prettiness, but "Barzilla" will fetch me alongside a good deal quicker'n "my deah man." I'll tell you that.

We frogged it up and down all the forenoon, but didn't git a shot at nothing but one stray "squawk" that had come over from the Cedar swamp. I told James 'twas a canvasback, and he blazed away at it, but missed it by three fathom, as might have been expected.

Finally my game leg—rheumatiz, you understand—begun to give out, so I flops down in the shade of a sand bank to rest, and the reverend goes poking off by himself.

I cal'late I must have fell asleep, for, when I looked at my watch it was close to 1 o'clock and time for us to be getting back to port. I got up and stretched and took an observation, but further 'n Clarissa's umbrella on the sky line I didn't see anything stirring. Brother James wa'n't visible.

I started over toward the Greased Lightning. I'd gone only a little ways when "Bang, bang!" goes both barrels of a shotgun, and that Todd critter busts out hollering like an possessed.

"Hooray!" he squeals in that squeaky voice of his. "Hooray, I've got 'em, I've got 'em!"

I left my own gun laying where 'twas and piled up over the edge of that sand bank like a cat over a fence. And then I see a sight. There was James hopping up and down in the beach grass, squealing like a guinea hen with a sore throat and waving his gun with one wing—arm, I mean—and there in front of him in the foam at the edge of the surf was two ducks as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, two of Lonesome Huckleberries' best decoy ducks—ducks he'd trained and trained and thought more of than anything else in this world—except rum, maybe—and the rest of the flock was digging up the beach for home as if they'd been telegraphed for and squawking "Fire!" and "Murder!"

Course I'd known about Lonesome's owning them decoys—told Todd about 'em, too—but I hadn't seen 'em nowhere along shore, and I sort of cal'lated they was locked up in Lonesome's henhouse, that being his usual way when he went to town.

"I've got 'em!" hollers Todd, grinning till I thought he'd swaller his own ears. "I shot 'em all myself!"

"You everlasting"— I begun, but I didn't get any further. There was a rattling noise behind me, and I turned to see Lonesome Huckleberries himself setting on the seat of his old truck wagon and glaring over the hammer head of that balky mare of his straight at Brother Todd and the dead decoys.

For a minute there was a kind of tableau, like them they have at church fairs, all four of us, including the mare, keeping still, like we was frozen. But 'twas only for a minute. Then it turned into the liveliest moving picture that ever I see. Lonesome couldn't swear—being a dummy—but if ever a man got profane with his eyes he did right then. Next thing I knew he tossed both hands into the air, clawed two handfuls out of the atmosphere, reached down into the cart, grabbed a pitchfork and piled out of that wagon and after Todd. There was murder coming, and I could see it.

"Run, you loon!" I hollers, desperate. James didn't know what he'd done, I cal'late, but he jedged 'twas his move. He dropped his gun and put down the shore like a wild man, with



James was hopping up and down in the grass squealing like a guinea hen.

Lonesome after him. I tried to foller, but my rheumatiz was too big a handicap. All I could do was yell.

You never 'd have picked out Todd for a sprinter—not to look at him you wouldn't—but when they went out of sight amongst the sand hills 'twas anybody's race.

I was scart. I knew what Lonesome's temper was, 'specially when it had been iled with some Wellmouth Port no license liquor. He'd been took up once for half killing some boys that tormented him, and I figgered if he got within pitchfork distance of the Todd critter he'd make him the leakiest divine that ever picked a text. I commenced to hobble back after my gun.

But I'd forgot Sister Clarissa. 'Fore I'd limped fur I heard her calling to me.

"Mr. Wingate," says she, "get in here at once."

There she was setting on the seat of Lonesome's wagon, holding the reins and as cool as a white frost in October.

"Proceed," says she to the mare. "Git dap!" says I, and we started.

When we rounded the sand hill we see the race in the distance. Lonesome had gained a p'int or two, and Todd wa'n't more 'n four pitchforks in the lead.

"Make for the launch!" I whooped between my hands.

The parson heard me and come about and broke for the shore. The Greased Lightning had swung out about the length of her anchor rope, and the water wa'n't deep. Todd splashed in to his waist and climbed aboard. He cut the roding just as Lonesome reached tide mark. James, he sees it's a close call, and he shins back to the engine, reaching it exactly at the time when the gent with the pitchfork laid hands on the rail. Then the parson throws over the switch—I'd shown him how—and gives the starting wheel a full turn.

Well, you know the Greased Lightning? She jumped like the cat that lit on the hot stove. Lonesome, being balanced with his knees on the rail, pitches head fust into the cockpit. Todd, jumping out of his way, falls overboard backward. Next thing anybody knew the launch was scooting for blue water like a streak of what she was named for, and the hunting chaplain was churning up foam like a mill wheel.

I yelled more orders than second mate on a coaster. Todd bubbled and bellored. Lonesome hung on to the rail of the cockpit and let his hair



He didn't know how to stop her.

stand up to grow. Nobody was cool but Clarissa, and she was an iceberg. She had her good p'ints, that old maid did, drat her!

"James," she calls, "get out of that water this minute and come here! This instant, mind!"

James minded. He paddled ashore and hopped, dripping like a dishcloth, alongside the truck wagon.

"Get in!" orders Skipper Clarissa. He done it. "Now," says the lady, passing the reins over to me, "drive us home, Mr. Wingate, before that intoxicated lunatic can catch us."

It seemed about the only thing to do. I knew 'twas no use explaining to Lonesome for an hour or more yet, even if you can talk finger signs, which part of my college training has been neglected. 'Twas murder he wanted at the present time. When I slapped the mare with the end of the reins she took the bit in her teeth and commenced to gallop. I hollered "Whoa!" and "Heave to!" and "Belay!" and everything else I could think of, but she never took in a reef. We bumped over hummocks and ridges, and every time we done it we spilled something out of that wagon. First 'twas a lot of huckleberry pails, then a basket of groceries and such, then a tin pan with some potatoes in it, then a jug done up in a blanket. Out of the tail of my eye I see Lonesome, well out to sea, heading the Greased Lightning for the beach.

When you drive down to Lonesome p'int you have to ford the Cut Through. It's a strip of water between the bay and the ocean, and 'tain't very wide or deep at low tide. But the tide was coming in now, and, more'n that, the mare wa'n't headed for the ford. She was cuttin' cross lots on her own hook and wouldn't answer the helm.

We struck that Cut Through about a hundred yards east of the ford, and in two shakes we was bub deep in salt water. 'Fore the Todds could do anything but holler the wagon was afloat and the mare was all but swimming. But she kept right on. Bless her, you couldn't stop her!

We crossed the first channel and come out on a flat where 'twasn't more'n two foot deep then. I commenced to feel better. There was another channel ahead of us, but I figured we'd navigate that same as we had the first one. And then the most outrageous thing happened.

If you'll b'lieve it, that pesky mare balked and wouldn't stir another step.

"Drive on!" says Clarissa, pretty average vinegary. "Haven't you made trouble enough for us already, you dreadful man? Drive on!"

Hadn't I made trouble enough! What do you think of that?

"You want to drown us!" says Miss Todd, continuing her chatty remarks. "I see it all! It's a plot between you and that murderer. I give you warning. If we reach the hotel my brother and I will commence suit for damages."

My temper's fairly long suffering, but 'twas ravelling some by this time.

I'd about got to thirdly when James give a screech and p'inted. And if there wa'n't Lonesome in the launch headed right for us and coming a-b'iling. He'd run her along abreast of the beach and turned in at the upper end of the Cut Through.

You never in your life heard such a row as there was in that wagon, Clarissa and me yelling to Lonesome to keep off, forgitting that he was stone deef and dumb, and James vowing that he was going to be slaughtered in cold blood. And the Greased Lightning p'inted just so she'd split that cart amidships and coming—well, you know how she can go.

She never budged until she was within ten foot of the flat, and then she sheered off and went past in a wide curve, with Lonesome steering with one hand and shaking his pitchfork at Todd with t'other. And such faces as he made up! They'd have got him hung in any court in the world.

He run up the Cut Through a little ways and then come about, and back he comes again, never slacking speed a mite and running close to the sheal as he could shave and all the time going through the bloodiest kind of pantomimes. And past he goes to wheel round and commence all over again.

Thinks I: "Why don't he ease up and lay us aboard? He's got all the weapons there is. Is he scart?"

And then it come to me—the reason why. He didn't know how to stop her. He could steer first rate, being used to sailboats, but an electric auto launch was a new idea for him, and he didn't understand her works. And he dasn't run her aground at the speed she was making. 'Twould have finished her and, more 'n likely, him too.

I don't s'pose there ever was another mess just like it afore or sence. Here was us, stranded with a horse we couldn't make go, being chased by a feller who was run away with in a boat he couldn't stop.

Just as I'd about give up hope I heard somebody calling from the beach behind us. I turned, and there was Becky Huckleberries, Lonesome's daughter. She had the decoy ducks by the legs in one hand.

"Hi!" says she.

"Hi!" says I. "How do you get this giraffe of yours under way?"

She held up the decoys.

"Who kill-a dem ducks?" says she.

I p'inted to the reverend. "He did," says I. And then I cal'late I must have had one of them things they call an inspiration. "And he's willing to pay for 'em, I says.

"Pay thirty-five dolla?" says she.

"You bet!" says I.

But I'd forgot Clarissa. She rose up in that waterlogged cart like a statue of Liberty. "Never!" says she. "We will never submit to such extortion. We'll drown first."

Becky heard her. She didn't look disapp'inted nor nothing. Just turned and begun to walk up the beach. "All right," says he. "Goo'by."

The Todds slood it for a jiffy. Then James give in. "I'll pay it!" he hollers. "I'll pay it!"

Even then Becky didn't smile. She just come about again and walked back to the shore. Then she took up that tin pan and one of the potaters we'd jounced out of the cart.

"Hi, Rosa!" she hollers. That mare turned her head and looked. And for the first time sence she hove anchor on that fat the critter unfurled her ears and listed 'em to the masthead.

"Hi, Rosa!" says Becky, again and begun to pound the pan with the potater. And I give you my word that that mare started up, turned the wagon around nice as could be and begun to swim ashore. When we got where the critter's legs touched bottom Becky remarks "Whoa!"

"Here!" I yells. "What did you do that for?"

"Pay thirty-five dolla now," says she. She was bus'ness, that girl.

Todd got his wallet from under hatches and counted out the thirty-five, keeping one eye on Lonesome, who was swooping up and down in the launch, looking as if he wanted to cut in, but dasn't. I tied the bills to my jackknife to give 'em weight and tossed the whole thing ashore. Becky, she counted the cash and stowed it away in her apron pocket.

"All right," says she. "Hi, Rosa!" The potater and pan performance begun again, and Rosa picked up her hoofs and dragged us to dry land, and it surtinly felt good to the feet.

"Say," I says, "Becky, it's none of my affairs as I know of, but is that the way you usually start that horse of yours?"

She said it was, and Rosa ate the potater.

Becky asked me how to stop the launch, and I told her. She made a lot of finger signs to Lonesome, and inside of five minutes the Greased Lightning was anchored in front of us. Old Man Huckleberries was still hankering to interview Todd with the pitchfork, but Becky settled that all right. She jumped in front of him, and her eyes snapped, and her feet stamped, and her fingers flew. And 'twould have done you good to see her dad shrivel up and get humble. I always had thought that a woman wasn't much good as a boss of the roost unless she could use her tongue, but Becky showed me my mistake. Well, it's fire and l'arn.

Then Miss Huckleberries turned to us and smiled.

"All right!" says she. "Goo'by."

Them Todds took the train for the city next morning. I drove 'em to the depot. James was kind of glum, but Clarissa talked for two. Her opinion of the Cape and Capers, specially me, was decided. The final blast was just as she was climbing the car steps.

"Of all the barbarians," says she—"utter, uncouth, murdering barbarians in"—

She stopped, thinking for a word, I s'pose. I didn't feel that I could improve on Becky Huckleberries' conversation much, so I says:

"All right! Goo'by!"

A VINDICTIVE KNIFE.

The Weapon That Tried Several Times to Kill Kipling.

My mind has flown back down the years to London and into the large corner room on the second floor, Villiers street, Embankment Gardens. On the wall fronting the Thames hangs the most vicious looking knife I have ever seen. It is serpentine in shape, and its downward point is as sharp as a needle.

"What a villainous weapon!" I said.

"Yes," replied Kipling, and I forgot the name he gave it or the section of India from which it came. "That knife has tried to kill me several times. It's always on the watch. When I got it there was affixed to it, like a button on a foil, one joint of a man's backbone. The knife had been run into the vertebrae, given a savage twist and brought away with it a piece of human framework."

As he spoke he approached the glittering, snakelike knife.

"Don't touch it!" I cried. "You ought to keep it in a locked box."

He didn't touch it, so far as I saw, but as he raised his hand the knife dropped like a plummet and stood quivering in the floor within an inch of his boot.

"Look at that!" he said and stood there without moving a muscle until I saw how nearly the sinister blade had come to impaling his foot. — Robert Barr in London World.

The Essentials of a Home.

The following is one of the twelve essays read at the Anonymous Essay evening of the Unity Club on February 16, 1910

Over the fireplace in the study of one of Boston's most successful story-writers, Mr. F. Russell Sullivan, is the following inscription: Bon Feu Bon Ami, Bons Livres, A Good Fire, Good Friends Good Books,—three, according to this man of letters, are the essentials of true happiness, the requirements of a true home. Every one of the three, if home be more than a herding-place for the clan, is an absolute necessity.

Who does not like when he enters the home of a friend to be greeted by the cheering crackling flame of an open fire? I have known persons so fond of it that even in summer they welcomed the slightest coolness as an excuse to burn a few sticks and set the chimney roaring. What other light is quite so rosy and in what other light does life look quite so roseate? Children lie flat on the hearth-rug, and as they gaze into the red and blue and yellow flames see fairies dancing there and witches and hobgoblins disporting themselves and genii as fearful as those of the Arabian Nights,—a wonder-world which fills them with exquisite and unrepeatable delights. Youths & maidens sit before that fire, and dream dreams and see visions and build castles in Spain. Those glowing coals send forth life and love as well as light.

And men and women in the prime of life, who have had their share of mistakes and failures and defeats and losses and griefs, for whom the bloom is largely gone from life and who stand disillusioned in a world of grim reality, when they join the family circle about that altar of fire, once more pluck up courage and regain hope and renew faith. The fire is a great miracle-worker! Aged men and women as they peer into the flames are comforted by the remembrance of bright days long past, when hearts beat high with hope and enthusiasm and the stream of life ran at full flood; and the upward-flying sparks speak to them of ever-ascending, unending life.

So penetrating and so subtle is the influence of the fire that the cat and dog who creep as close to it as they dare become more aware of their kinship to lordly man. In the fire Mother Nature casts her spell over all her children. She draws them to her by invisible threads. What is it that stirs within our blood at the sight of the leaping dancing flames? Is it the instinct of fire-worship which the Parsees of Persia have retained and developed, which our far-away Aryan ancestors to India bore witness to when they glorified and adored Agni? Who knows how, what long line of religious and races and nations the feeling has come? Modern stoves and furnaces may diffuse more heat throughout the house, but without the open fire the home loses the picturesque, the poetic, the imaginative elements which make life rich and strong.

But a good fire, to be of symbolic value, must be the resort of good friends. To meditation must be added conversation. The true home is not a dreary, fruitful place, approached by cushions with dread, endured with patience, fled from with alacrity. In a real home the latch-string always hangs out, and is eagerly pulled by those fortunate enough to be admitted to that sacred fire. In its warmth and light how many confidences are exchanged, how many hopes and enthusiasms are shared!

Is it not Emerson who says, "A friend is one with whom I may be sincere?" And before our friends do we not usually drop our masks, which sometimes we have to wear in order to conceal our real feelings from the world, and reveal our true selves? And if often we find our friends disagreeing with us vitally and absolutely on subjects where our convictions are strong, are we not delivered from what Emerson calls "a mush of concession?" "Better", he says, "be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo." Still, this is no justification for sitting about a friend's fire and indulging in the luxury of unrestrained criticism and sarcasm and cynicism, day in and day out. You and I no more enjoy this perpetual throwing of cold water on our plans and hopes and enthusiasms than we should the daily quenching of our hearthfire by buckets of cold water.

No man desires his friend always to play the part of a wet blanket. It interferes with kindling emotions. And yet there is a high and noble sense in which our friends can act as our guides and counsellors. They ought to be candid with us. They ought to point out our faults and follies. You remember that Lowell said of Lincoln: "He dreaded praise, not blame." Who knows to what heights of inordinate self-conceit we might ascend if our friends did not in wisdom and love hold us back! If it were not for the constant dropping in of friends, home-interests would become narrow and self-centered.

We must not, however, forget the third essential of a true home: good books. The character of a home is known by its books. If the only volumes it contains are the dusty and never-opened family Bible and a few subscription-editions of books that are thrown together by both authors and binders, there is something lacking in that home. Half-Hours with the Best Authors and President Eliott's five-foot shelf of classics will never fill that gap. No doubt they have their place in the economy of literature, but it is better far to choose your own books, even if you lack the wisdom and culture of the compilers of such sets, than to allow them to dump their books into your home. Nothing is more irritating to me than the advice of a book agent, who tells me that no home should be without his cheap biography or trashy book of travel. Do I not know what books should be on my shelves? To introduce the works he recommends so glibly into the company of the noble volumes that line my shelves would be nothing short of sacrilege.

I have never forgotten some words of Irving which I read years ago. You will find them in The Sketch-Book, in the paper on Roscoe, the banker-poet of Liverpool, whose library was put under the hammer when his home was sold at auction. "It is a beautiful incident in the story of Mr. Roscoe's misfortunes, and one which cannot fail to interest the studious mind, that the parting with his books seems to have touched upon his tenderest feelings, and to have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours become in the season of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow."

"Bees, then, are the half-marks of every true home, A Good Fire, Good Friends, Good Books,

AMATOR DOMUS.

No Novelty.

"But an elopement is so commonplace," she urged.

"Suppose we try an aeroplane?" he suggested hopefully.

"That would be nice, if we could afford two of them."

"Two? We wouldn't need two."

"Oh, yes. Papa would have to have one to follow in, you know."

The upshot of it all was that they compromised on automobiles.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Then The Scissors Cut In.

"You may be sharp," said the thread to the needle, "but I notice you are always getting it in the eye."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the needle. "I notice that whenever you get in a hole I have to pull you through."

"Hush up, you two," cried the thimble. "It it wasn't for my push you would neither of you get along."—Boston Transcript.

Neighborly Consideration.

"I heard your baby crying nearly all night. What was the matter with it?"

"I think she wanted me to get up and carry her around, but I was afraid if I did you'd be disturbed by hearing me tramping the floor over your head."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Professional Proposals.

The Doctor—May I attend you in death as in sickness?

The Lawyer—May I argue all your cases for you, now with you?

The Politician—I sincerely desire your personal indifferent of my campaign for your hand.—New York Telegraph.

Bright Boy

"How are ye gettin' long in school, grandson?"

"Great! There's not a fellow in school that can pass me."

"Well, well, so you're at the head."

"No, the foot."—Boston Transcript.

Jealous Cats!

A girl in a small Kansas town has been engaged seven times. Her neighbors have adopted this slogan for her: "Present company always accepted."—Kansas City Journal.

Noticed It?

"The horse laugh is going out of polite society."

"And instead?"

"We have the automobile smile of superiority."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the American suffragist leader, apropos of woman suffrage, said: "Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat all women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever, they use us like old Calhoun White, the negro. Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands. 'Way, Calhoun,' said the barber, 'are you taking a holiday?' 'Dish yere,' said the old man, in a stately voice, 'dish yere am mah golden wedding,' sah. An'm sanctyratin' it.' 'But your wife,' said the barber, 'is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I came out. Why isn't she celebrating, too?' 'Her,' said Calhoun angrily, 'She hain't got nuthin' to do with it. She a mah fourth.'"

There once lived a woman who never gave her husband a chance to say a word. The moment he opened his mouth she closed it with a torrent of words. It happened that he fell sick when his wife was out of town, and before she could get home death came and took him away.

"I would feel better about it," she is still saying between her sobs, "if I could have been with John when he died. There must have been some last words he wanted to say to me."—Atchison Daily Globe.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress but strengthen the stomach and digestion apparatus.

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We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

Nearly 815,000 marriages took place in France last year.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make the little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

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In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1910.

QUERIES.

6630. HAVILAND—Would like to know the parentage and English residence of William Haviland. He married Hannah Hicks, of Flushing, New York. Wanted, date of marriage. He had, as far as I know, four sons, John, Benjamin, Joseph and Jacob. Would like dates of birth or baptism, and other information concerning them. Whom did they marry, and where? Would like names of their children. William Haviland was Churchwarden in Newport, R. I., 1648; Freeman, May 17, 16[illegible] Commissioner to the General Court, May 21, 1658; Representative in Assembly, in 1657. The Haviland family seem to have been in Rye, New York, for awhile. Would be glad for any hint of their English ancestry.—E. H. H.

6631. BRIGGS—I wish to know if the European ancestry of John Briggs, born 1604, died 1690, Portsmouth, R. I., 1650, Newport, 1639, has ever been traced. Also if I can obtain any views of scenes connected with the family of Briggs in Rhode Island (Portsmouth, Tiverton, etc.) or any, relating to the Cookes, Warrens, Slocums, Fishers, Wilcoxes, Arnolds, Thurstons, and Peaks.—E. B. F.

6632. JONES—It is believed that a boy named Frederick Jones, son of Harding Jones, who died about 1768, was adopted by his grandfather, Col. John Whiting, of Rhode Island. If so, where would the record of adoption be found? Col. John Whiting removed to Windham Co., Connecticut, and died there Aug. 28, 1788.—N. R. F.

6633. PEIRCE—The will of Benjamin Durfee, of Newport, R. I., dated 1763, says land to his son William Durfee, "lying part in ye Bay Government and part in Rhode Island Government, and lieth between Brayton's Land and Capt. John Peirce's Land." Would be glad for any information concerning this Capt. John Peirce. Who was he? Did he ever live in Newport, R. I.? Was his wife Amy? What was her maiden name and ancestry?—C. H.

6634. Lamb—What was the ancestry of Thomas Lamb, of Dorchester, Mass.? He married Thankful Hill, also of Dorchester, Feb. 10, 1688. What was her parentage?—W. S. C.

6635. PECKHAM—Barber 6, (Timothy 5, Reuben 4, Timothy 3, John 2, John 1,) Peckham, served a number of terms from 1775 to 1780, as a commissioned officer during the Revolutionary War. He was born in South Kingstown, R. I., probably in 1755 or 1756. He married, first, Elizabeth ——, as shown by a deed of land made in 1791 and given in the town records of South Kingstown. He carried on an extensive blacksmith business in Mumford Mills,—name since changed to Petsquamscott—at first with his brother Timothy and afterwards alone. Barber and Elizabeth had two children, born in South Kingstown, Hannah, Sept. 6, 1785, who married, July 1, 1802, Captain Joseph Church of Tiverton, R. I., and Mary, Aug. 7, 1782, who married, Nov. 19, 1810, William Harrison of Tiverton. Barber married, second, in June, 1793, at South Kingstown, Sarah Sheffield of New Shoreham, and they had born in South Kingstown, Josiah S., Sarah, Susan and Abby.

The late Mrs. Caroline E. Robinson of Wakefield, R. I., was convinced that the first wife of Barber Peckham was Elizabeth Westcott. She said: "There was in South Kingstown at that time but one other Peckham whose wife was named Elizabeth, and she, as I well know, was Elizabeth Cook of Portsmouth, the wife of Peleg Peckham."

Mrs. Robinson further said: "In 1788, the will of George 8, Nicholas 2, George 1, Gardiner was proved, and he mentions granddaughter, Elizabeth Peckham, daughter of Hannah, deceased. His daughter Hannah, born May 27, 1728, married, May 27, 1739, Caleb Westcott, who was born Dec. 8, 1716, son of Jonah and Hannah Gardiner Westcott. The wives of Gardiner Peckham were cousins."

I understand that the Westcott genealogy has been compiled, but I have been trying for years to locate it. If any reader of this column can prove, or disprove, the claim that the Elizabeth Westcott mentioned was the wife of Barber (6.) Peckham, the favor will be very gratefully received.—P. D. H.

ANSWERS.

6617. POTTER—The parents of Mary Potter were George and Content (Maxson) Potter, of Westerly, Rhode Island. The dates of birth, marriage and death as given in the query were correct, according to the Stillman Genealogy. Content Maxson (above) was the daughter of Joseph Maxson of Hopkinton or Westerly, I think of Hopkinton. Deacon William Stillman in his autobiography says that "John Stillman married Uncle George Potter's daughter Molly, and had six or seven girls but no boys." The Potter family records, most of which are now in the hands of the Hon. G. B. Carpenter, of this village, confirms what I have stated.—E. C. S.

Election of Officers.

Star of Italy.

President—Vittorio Ruggeri.
Secretary—Charles Amoruso.
Treasurer—Paul Del Nero.
Trustees—Concezio d'Ostentis, Guiseppi Vietri, Pasquale Russo.

Mr. Oscar Peabody, who has been confined to the Newport Hospital for nearly two months with a broken leg, is able to sit up.

Officer McCormick is convalescing from his recent illness.

Middletown.

Mr. Perry Potter, who has been critically ill of pneumonia at his home near the Berkeley Chapel, is showing marked improvement. He is under the care of a trained nurse.

Mr. Harry E. Peckham, of Hillside Farm, expects to remove March 25th to Paradise avenue, where he will assume charge at the Easton Farm recently vacated by Mr. Chester B. Brown.

Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee, of St. George's School, will be the morning preacher at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday. The offering will be for the benefit of missions. The Bishop has apportioned the sum of $50 for the church. The Guild of St. Columba, the Women's Auxiliary, has already contributed $50 and the Sunday School will make its own offering at Easter through the Lenten "pyramids."

Mr. Elton W. Peckham, elder son of Mr. E. Marion Peckham, of Prospect avenue, who has been in ill health for nearly two months, is to join the Middletown Colony at Eustis, Florida, this week. He expects to remain until spring.

The members of Holy Cross Guild are planning to give an Egg supper after Easter, at the Guild House and later on, an apron and necktie social.

Services through Lent are being held at Holy Cross Church each Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Last week the preacher was the Rev. George Vernon Dickey, of St. George's Church, Newport; this week, Rev. John B. Dinan, of St. George's School, and next Wednesday evening, Rev. Chauncey H. Blodget, rector of St. John's Church, Fall River. At St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, a service is held at 4 on Fridays by the rector Rev. Latta Griswold.

The weekly meeting of the Oliphant Reading Club on Friday will be devoted to the poets, Lowell and Longfellow, and will conclude with a social hour in charge of Mrs. Sadie Simmons Thurston, of Newport, hostess and chairman, assisted by Mrs. Philip Wilbor and Miss Charlotte Chase, both of Chaseville, Middletown.

The recent heavy rains have washed out dangerous places in many of the roads where loads of stone have been required to fill the gullies caused by the torrent. The gutters on either side of the highway were not sufficient to carry off the overflow which over ran bridges and across roads.

The annual turkey supper given by the men of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Wednesday, while not having so large an attendance as in some years past, was nevertheless a success, some 150 being present. The supper was unusually good and there was an abundance. The work of the evening was done wholly by the men who acted as waiters. Among the articles prepared were 150 lbs. of turkey, 5 pecks of potatoes, 1 bushel of turnips, ½ bushel of cranberries, 20 qts. of onions, 2 dozen bunches celery, and 20 doz. rolls.

The schools were closed on Washington's birthday and only the Paradise and Peabody schools were in session Monday, the remaining teacher taking the day to visit other schools.

Rev. Clayton E. Delamator of the Methodist Episcopal Church attended last week the two days' session of the Providence District Ministerial Association held at the Central Falls M. E. Church. The association was entertained in Middletown last October.

Mrs. William V. Hart, Mr. William Sherman, and Mr. William B. Wyatt, who have been recently ill, are gradually improving. There has been much sickness in the town, grippe being especially prevalent.

Thrifty.

She crept up on his knee and peeped over the sporting page.—"Jack," she whispered, confidentially, "if you'll just let me have $6 more to buy that beautiful fall hat I saw in the store today, I'll just show you how economical I can be."

"And what will you do, dear?" inquired hubby, curiously.

"Why I'll take all the flowers off of my summer peach-basket hat and trim it with ribbons, and you won't have to spend a cent for a new waste basket. Won't that be a saving?"—Chicago News.

Not Disguising The Fact.

Among the guests at an informal dinner in New York was a bright Philadelphia girl.

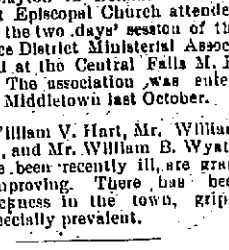
"These are snails," said a gentleman next to her when that dainty was served. "I suppose Philadelphia people don't eat them for fear of cannibalism."

"Oh, no," was her instant reply; "it isn't that. We couldn't catch them."—Leslie's Weekly.

You seem to be sticking pretty close to business these days."

"Well, I need the relaxation. The baseball season is a terrible strain on a man."—Washington Star.

"MEET ME AT BARNEY'S."



YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED
at the
Low Price of Our
Edison Outfits.
MAY WE SHOW YOU?
BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.
140 THAMES STREET.

Sister—Well, Harry, how are you getting along with arithmetic? Harry—Oh, pretty well. We're in dismal fractions now.

We Can't Give the Party

But we can send things along all right for you. No one has tables and chairs enough, of course—we have, and just the sort that look as if they belonged to the rest of the furnishings. And the prizes—people turn up their noses and make unkind remarks at cheap, tawdry things. Our prizes are beautiful, satisfying, but little priced.

Bigelow Axminster Rugs
Add an unusual touch of attractiveness to any interior—very attractive prices here just at present. $1.25 $2.25, $3.25 for three popular floor sizes the end of $2 $3.50 and $4.50.

A. C. TITUS CO.,
225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R.I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.
TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS.

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies travelling alone this is a great advantage.
These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

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Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. H. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.
WE have the Companies.
WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

FATHER TIME



Is always on the move. He waits for no one. In this age of progress time saving devices are the key to business success and home comfort.
TELEPHONE SERVICE is unquestionably the greatest time saver known; it enables both the business and social world to get there on time. Let us tell you of its many uses and quote our rates.
PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, made by Sylvester R. Allen and Isabella Allen, both of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, to Cassius C. Ball, of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date July 16th, A. D. 1890, and recorded in Book No. 2, pages 290, 297, 298, of the Records of Mortgages of Real Estate, in the Town of New Shoreham, which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Hattie A. Littlefield, of the Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, the present holder of said mortgage. There having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, on SATURDAY, March 19th, A. D. 1910, at ten o'clock a. m., all the right, title and interest of Sylvester R. Allen and Isabella Allen at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed, in and to one undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in a certain tract of land situate in the South West part of the town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Northerly on land of George Willis and wife and land of John R. Redfield and others; Easterly on land of Samuel Allen, Jr., and land of Samuel B. Dickens and Anderson B. Dickens and Westerly on the sea. The same being the property belonging formerly to Samuel Allen, late deceased. The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intentions to bid at said sale.
HATTIE A. LITTLEFIELD,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Block Island, R. I., Feb. 21, 1910—2-26-3w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Public Hearing.

Senate Chamber,
Providence, Feb. 24, 1910.

"Woman Suffrage"

The Committee on Special Legislation of the Senate will hear all persons interested in

An Act in amendment of Section 1 of Chapter 17 of the General Laws entitled "Of the election of electors of President and Vice President of the United States."

in Room No. 313, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 2, 1910, at 7 o'clock p. m.
BENJAMIN MARTIN, Chairman.
ALVAH H. SANBORN, Clerk. 2-26-1w

"A Nine Days' Wonder."

The memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey is said to have given rise to the phrase "A nine days' wonder." Lady Jane was proclaimed queen of England July 10, 1553, four days after the death of Edward VI. After the lapse of a period of nine days, on July 19, she relinquished her title to the crown, thus terminating her reign in the short space of a week and a half. A noted English historian says, "Thus we come to the end of the diary of that short and troubled reign that from its length is said to have given rise to the now (1620) popular phrase, 'A nine days' wonder.'"

A Social War.

"See here, old man, every time my wife orders a gown your wife orders two gowns."

"Yes?"

"Whereupon my wife goes your wife one better."

"Well?"

"Can't we arbitrate this matter?"—

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—District Managers, Agents and Solicitors, for new Whole Life and Ten Year 6 per cent. Debenture Bond, also best natural death and disability policy. No classification for occupation, race or sex. Good Pay. MR. MEEK, 1011 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa. 2-19-2w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, November 8th, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 4551, issued out of the District Court, of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 26th day of October A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court January 26th A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 24th day of September A. D. 1909, in favor of Narragansett Brewing Company, a corporation created by law and doing business in the City of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against James T. Allen of the City of Newport and County of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 50 minutes past one o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant James T. Allen of the City of Newport and County of Newport had on the 27th day of March A. D. 1909, at 40 minutes past 11 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded Northeasterly on land of the Island Savings Bank (78.3) feet, Southeasterly on Warner street (37.3) feet, Southwesterly on the land of Aylsworth (24.3) feet and Northwesterly on the City Cemetery (24.15) feet, containing 2,320 square feet more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of February, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.
FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
1-15-4w Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, SC.
The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, the 19th day of February, A. D. 1910, at the same place and hour above named.
Newport, February 12th, 1910.
FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
2-19-1w Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, SC.
The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, February 26th, A. D. 1910, at the same place and hour above named.
FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
2-26-1w Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, February 19, 1910.

Carr's List.

AN IMPERIAL MARRIAGE,
By Arthur W. Marchmont.
THE HAVEN,
By Eden Phillpotts.
THE FORTUNE HUNTER,
By Louis Joseph Vance.
THE LIVING MUMMY,
By Ambrose Pratt.
AN APPEAL TO THE BOY,
By Dr. William H. Peters.
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

WILL BE SOLD at public auction, on MONDAY, March 7th, 1910, at 2 30 o'clock p. m., at Little Compton, R. I., on the premises hereinafter described, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed made by Henry F. Case, bearing date of May 6th, 1908, and recorded in the records of land evidence in the town of Little Compton, in the county of Newport and State of Rhode Island, in real estate mortgage book, No 19, page 365, the conditions of said mortgage having been broken;

A certain farm or tract of land situated in the Town of Little Compton aforesaid, about one mile south of Adamsville, with a dwelling house and other buildings thereon, together with all the property of whatever description we have on said farm.

Said farm is bounded Southerly on land now or formerly of Nathaniel Gifford; Northerly on said Nathaniel Gifford's land and land belonging to the heirs of Joseph Gifford; Easterly and Westerly on roads, containing by estimation twenty acres, be the same more or less.

Being the same premises conveyed to Leander B. Taber by Charles L. Simmons, March 24th, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Book No. 15, page 231 of the land records for said Town of Little Compton.

By order of the owners and holders of said mortgage who hereby give notice of their intention to bid at said sale or at any postponement or adjournment thereof
Providence, R. I., February 7th, 1910.
WASHINGTON R. PRESCOTT,
436 Industrial Trust Bldg., Prov.,
2-12-4w Attorney for the Mortgagees.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Shell Fisheries.

WILLIAM WELDEN, of Providence, makes application for 25 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, lying southerly of Patience Island and westerly of ground of Charles W. Greene, and easterly of ground of said William Welden. Said ground being on Section 106.

John S. Payne and Walter H. Butler, both of East Providence, doing business as Payne & Butler, make application for 200 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, northerly of Connecticut Island and near the same.

Joseph W. Goodspeed of Warren, makes application for 100 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, northerly of Connecticut Island, and near the same. Also for 100 acres in Narragansett Bay, southerly of Hope Island and near the same.

FRIDAY, March 4, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the office of the Commissioners of Shell Fisheries, State House, is hereby appointed the time and place for the consideration of the same.
PHILIP H. WILBOUR,
JOHN H. NORTHUP,
EDWARD ATWISON,
SAMUEL F. BOWDEN,
JOHN G. WILCOX,
Commissioners of Shell Fisheries.
2-19-2w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 7th, 1910.

Estate of Eliza K. Sayer.

PETITION in writing is made by Mary A. Sayer, of said Newport, praying, for reasons therein, that Charles A. Brackett, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed conservator of the property of Eliza K. Sayer, of said age, of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-eighth day of February, instant, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*, citation having been served according to law.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
2-12-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 10th, 1910.

Estate of Ann Brophy.

AN instrument in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Ann Brophy, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-eighth day of February, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
2-12-3w Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, February 12th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed of the estate of CATHARINE H. READ, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.
2-12-3w JOHN P. PECKHAM.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.
5-22 tf

Private Wires. Tel. 1820

B. O. GROSS,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKER,
Mercury Building,
Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of EDWARD ALTEMUS, member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of Philadelphia.
Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
9-25-1f

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FOR EVERY NEED, AT
THE
T. Mumford Seabury
COMPANY,
214 Thames Street.

"Why can't a woman campaign? Why can't she hold other women spellbound? She has two chances to impress her audience where a man has one."

"What are they?"

"Her oratory and her gowns."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Knicker—Peary made eight trips to find the pole.

Bocker—Whereas the Great Discoverer made only one dash for the Ten Commandments.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Manuel S. de Sousa, of the town of Portsmouth, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island (his wife Rozo M. de Sousa joining herein in token of release of dower), to Benjamin Hall, Jr., of said Town of Portsmouth in said County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date of the fifth day of April, A. D. 1907, and recorded in Portsmouth Land Evidence, book 23, pages 174, 175, 176, there having been breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, there will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on March 14, at two p. m., the following described real estate with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in the town of Portsmouth in said County and State, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the westerly line of Indian avenue where land of said Hall intersects land of Louis DeTerra; thence westerly four hundred and thirty-five and 8-10 (435 8-10) feet and bounded southerly by land of said Louis DeTerra; thence northerly one hundred (100) feet and bounded westerly by other land of said Hall; thence easterly four hundred and thirty-five 8-10 (435 8-10) feet to said westerly line of said Indian avenue; and bounded northerly by other land of said Hall; thence southerly with the said westerly line of said Indian avenue one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning, and bounded easterly by said Indian avenue; and containing one (1) acre of land more or less, or however otherwise bounded and described, being the same premises conveyed to Manuel S. de Sousa by Benjamin Hall, Jr., by deed dated April 6th, A. D. 1907.

By order of the Mortgagee, who hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any adjournment thereof.
BENJAMIN HALL, JR.,
2-19-4w Mortgagee.

USE
Diamond Hill
BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co
Newport, R. I.
6-24f

JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reinforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

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Will not taint Water
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Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.
WHAT IS IT?
CONGO
Never-Leak
Roofing.
WHO DOES IT?
BILL SHEPLEY,
7 Oak Street.
5-24f

WANTED
SUCCESSFUL boarding house keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. PECKHAM,
10-17 Westfield, N. J.